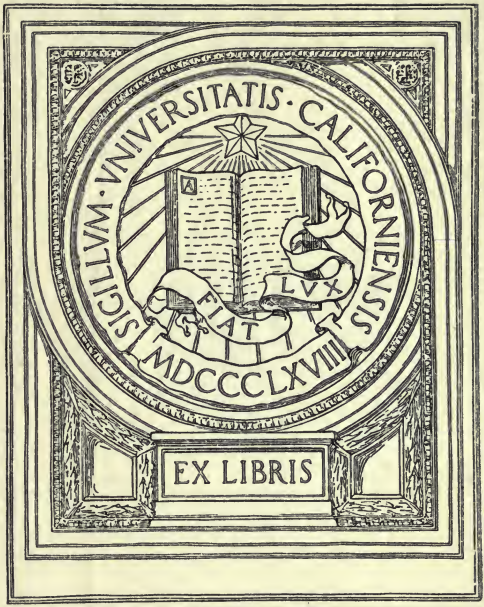
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THE

LITERARY

MISCELLANY:

or,

SELECTIONS & EXTRACTS,

classical and scientific;

with

Originals,

in

PROSE AND VERSE.

Convinced, by the most strict observation, that the mind is embarrassed by a thousand extrinsic difficulties, and sensible that a numerous library is the seat of the greatest extravagancies and the most idle chimeras, we have made an election, by extracting the substance of numerous volumes, which we have included in small duodecimos; not unlike skilful chemists, who concentre the virtues of many plants in a small phial, and cast aside the refuse. Innumerable quantities of books are made; it is our business to collect the scattered and valuable parts. The ignorant babble eternally; the learned and sagacious speak little but *well.* *Mem. of* 2500.

viz.

Old Albany,	*Abbas,*
Louisa Venoni,	*Dutchess of C.,*
Father Nicholas,	*Eugenio,*
The Shrubbery,	*Mr. V.*

&c. &c.

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We are persuaded, that imaginary biography is not only capable of exercising the finest genius in the writer, but, also, of sowing the seeds of goodness in the heart, and of conveying the most important instruction to the mind of the reader. Few are disposed to relish the dry precepts of morality, or to connect a lengthened chain of reasoning; the majority must be entertained with novelty, humoured with fiction, and cheated into wisdom. Since, then, mankind are thus disposed, they must be admonished in their own way: it is of no importance by what means they are made virtuous. It is unfortunate, however, that this department of writing, which requires many united talents, is usurped by worthless scribblers; and it is unfortunate, also, that readers, who prefer fiction to reality, are chiefly among those who read, not for the sake of thinking, but for the want of thought. From a writer of this class, it is not required that his characters should bear a resemblance to known originals; it is sufficient that they are aggregates of those qualities which lie scattered among the species. He may draw after a prototype in his own mind. But he must be careful to instruct us in the conduct of life, rectify our errors, and encrease the number and enhance the value of our virtues. To gain this desirable end, he is intrusted with powers nearly as large and as ample as those of the poet; he may indulge in various flights of fancy, and excursions of genius; he is permitted "to collect, combine, amplify, and animate" every thing that will be subservient to his purpose. He is allowed to exhibit not only what has already happened, but what he can imagine, without violence to reason, may in future appear. He may personify the virtues which he wishes to recommend, and may illustrate them with examples; he may delineate interesting characters, and place them in interesting situations. Sometimes he may pourtray a faithful picture of human life, "and catch the manners living as they rise;" sometimes his observation will furnish him with the power of giving instruction; and sometimes his imagination will enable him to convey entertainment to the mind. He may introduce an assemblage of various characters: or he may shew, united in one, both virtuous and depraved qualities; from a consideration of which, his readers may perceive and determine, what is valuable to adopt, and what it will be safe to reject: from such a view they may be enabled to fashion their own minds, to introduce into their hearts many amiable affections, and to banish from them those harsh and rugged feelings and propensities which may have taken root, like weeds in a rich soil.

Monthly Review, *passim*.

MORAL TALES.

OLD ALBANY.

&c.&c.

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OLD ALBANY,

BY MISS BURNEY.

——In this first indulgence of grief which she had granted to her disappointment she was soon interrupted by a summons down stairs to a gentleman. Unfit and unwilling to be seen, she begged that he might leave his name, and appoint a time for calling again. Her maid brought for answer, that he believed his name was unknown to her, and desired to see her now, unless she was employed in some matter of moment. She then went into the parlour, where she beheld Mr. Albany. 'How little, sir,' she cried, 'did I expect this pleasure.'

'This pleasure,' repeated he, 'do you call it?—what strange abuse of words! what causeless trifling with honesty! is language of no purpose but to wound the ear with untruths? Is the gift of speech only granted us to pervert the use of understanding? I can give you no pleasure, I have no power to give it to any one; you can give none to me—the whole world could not invest you with the means!' 'Well, sir,' said Cecilia, who had little spirit to defend herself, 'I will not vindicate the expression, but of this I will unfeignedly assure you, I am at least as glad to see you just now, as I should be to see any body.'

'Your eyes,' cried he 'are red, your voice is inarticulate—young, rich, and attractive, the world at your feet; that world yet untried, and it's falsehood unknown, how have you thus found means to antici-

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pate misery? which way have you uncovered the cauldron of human woes? Fatal and early anticipation! that cover once removed, can never be replaced; those woes, those boiling woes, will pour out upon you continually, and only when your heart ceases to beat, will their ebullition cease to torture you!'

'Alas!' cried Cecilia, shuddering, 'how cruel, yet how true!' 'Why went you,' cried he, 'to the cauldron, it came not to you? Misery seeks not man, but man misery. He walks out in the sun, but stops not for a cloud; confident, he pursues his way, till the storm, which, gathering, he might have avoided, bursts over his devoted head. Scared and amazed, he repents his temerity; he calls, but it is then too late; he runs, but it is thunder which follows him! Such is the presumption of man, such at once is the arrogance and shallowness of his nature! And thou, simple and blind! hast thou, too, followed whither inagination has led thee, unheeding that thy career was too vehement for tranquillity, nor missing that lovely companion of youth's early innocence, till, adventurous and unthinking, thou hast lost her for ever!'

'It is too true,'—said Cecilia, and the tears she had just, and with difficulty, restrained, again forced their way down her cheeks,—'I have lost her for ever!'

'Poor thing!' said he, while the rigour of his countenance was softened into the gentlest commiseration, 'so young!—looking, too, so innocent!—'t is hard! —And is nothing left thee? no small remaining hope, to cheat, humanely cheat, thy yet not wholly extinguished credulity?' Cecilia wept without answering. 'Let me not,' said he, 'waste my compassion on nothing; compassion is with me no effusion of affectation; tell me, then, if thou de-

servest it, or if thy misfortunes are imaginary, and thy grief is factitious?' 'Factitious,' repeated she, 'good heaven!' 'Answer me, then, these questions, in which I shall comprise the only calamities for which sorrow has no controul, or none from human motives. Tell me, then, have you lost by death the friend of your bosom?' 'No!' 'Is your fortune dissipated by extravagance, and your power of relieving the distressed at an end?' 'No; the power and the will are, I hope, equally undiminished.' 'O then, unhappy girl! have you been guilty of some vice, and hangs remorse thus heavy on your conscience?' 'No, no; thank heaven, to that misery, at least, I am a stranger!' His countenance now again resumed it's severity, and in the sternest manner, 'Whence then,' he said, 'these tears? and what is this caprice you dignify with the name of sorrow?—strange wantonness of indolence and luxury! perverse repining of ungrateful plenitude!—oh hadst thou known what I have suffered!—

'Could I lessen what you have suffered,' said Cecilia, 'I should sincerely rejoice; but heavy indeed must be your affliction, of mine in it's comparison deserves to be stiled caprice!' 'Caprice!' repeated he, 'compared with mine, 't is jòy! 't is ecstacy! —Thou hast not in licentiousness wasted thy inheritance! thou hast not by remorse barred each avenue to enjoyment! nor yet has the cold grave seized the beloved of thy soul!' 'Neither,' said Cecilia, 'I hope, are the evils you have yourself sustained so irremediable?' 'Yes, I have borne them all! —*have* borne? I bear them still; I shall bear them while I breathe! I may rue them, perhaps yet longer.'

'Good God!' cried Cecilia, shrinking, 'what a

world is this! how full of woe and wickedness!'

'Yet thou, too, canst complain,' cried he, 'tho' happy in life's only blessing, innocence! thou, too, canst murmur, tho' a stranger to death's only terror, sin! O yet, if thy sorrow be unpolluted with guilt, be regardless of all else, and rejoice in thy destiny!'

'But who,' cried she, deeply sighing, 'shall teach me such a lesson of joy, when all within rises to oppose it?' 'I,' cried he, 'will teach it thee, for I will tell thee my own sad story. Then wilt thou find how much happier is thy lot, then wilt thou raise thy head in thankful triumph.' 'O no! triumph comes not so lightly!—yet if you will venture to trust me with some account of yourself, I shall be glad to hear it, and much obliged by the communication.'

'I will,' he answered, 'whatever I may suffer: to awaken thee from this dream of fancied sorrow I will open all my wounds, and thou shalt probe them with fresh shame.' 'No, indeed,' cried Cecilia, with quickness, 'I will not hear you, if the relation will be so painful.' 'On *me* this humanity is lost,' said he, 'since punishment and penitence alone give me comfort. I will tell thee, therefore my crimes, that thou mayest know thy own felicity, lest, ignorant, it means nothing but innocence, thou shouldst lose it, unconscious of it's value. Listen then to me, and learn what misery is! Guilt is alone the basis of lasting unhappiness;—guilt is the basis of mine, and therefore I am a wretch for ever!' Cecilia would again have declined hearing him, but he refused to be spared: and as her curiosity had long been excited to know something of his history, and the motives of his extraordinary conduct, she was glad to have it satisfied, and gave him the utmost at-

tention. 'I will not speak to you of my family,' said he; historical, accuracy would little answer to either of us. I am a native of the West-Indies, and was early sent hither to be educated. While I was yet at the university, I saw, I adored, and I pursued the fairest flower that ever put forth it's sweet buds, the softest heart that was ever broken by ill usage! She was poor and unprotected; the daughter of a villager; she was untaught and unpretending, the child of simplicity! But fifteen summers had she bloomed, and her heart was an easy conquest; yet, once made mine, it resisted all allurement to infidelity. My fellow-students attacked her; she was assaulted by all the arts of seduction, flattery, bribery, supplication, all were employed, yet all failed; she was wholly my own; and with sincerity so attractive, I determined to marry her in defiance of all worldly objections. 'The sudden death of my father called me hastily to Jamaica; I feared leaving this treasure unguarded, yet in decency could neither marry nor take her directly; I pledged my faith, therefore, to return to her as soon as I had settled my affairs, and I left to a bosom friend the inspection of her conduct in my absence. 'To leave her was madness,—to trust in man was madness.—Oh hateful race! how has the world been abhorrent to me since that time! I have loathed the light of the sun, I have shrunk from the commerce of my fellow-creatures; the voice of man I have detested, his sight I have abominated!—but oh, more than all should I be abominated myself! 'When I came to my fortune, intoxicated with sudden power, I forgot this fair blossom, I revelled in licentiousness and vice, and left it exposed and forlorn. Riot succeeded riot, till a fe-

ver, incurred by mine own intemperance, first gave me time to think. Then was she revenged, for then first remorse was my portion: her image was brought back to my mind with frantic fondness, and bitterest contrition. The moment I recovered, I returned to England; I flew to claim her,—but she was lost! no one knew whither she was gone; the wretch I had trusted pretended to know least of all; yet, after a furious search, I traced her to a cottage, where he had concealed her himself! 'When she saw me,' she screamed, and would have flown; I stopt her, and told her I came faithfully and honourably to make her my wife:—her own faith and honour, tho' sullied, were not extinguished, for she instantly acknowledged the fatal tale of her undoing! 'Did I recompense his ingenuousness? this unexampled, this beautiful sacrifice to intuitive integrity? Yes! with my curses!—I loaded her with execrations, I reviled her in language the most approbrious, I insulted her even for her confession! I invoked all evil upon her from the bottom of my heart!—She knelt at my feet, she implored my forgiveness and compassion, she wept with the bitterness of despair,—and yet I spurned her from me!—Spurned?—let me not hide my shame! I barbarously struck her!—nor single was the blow!—it was doubled, it was reiterated!—O wretch, unyielding and unpitying! where shall hereafter be clemency for thee!—So fair a form! so young a culprit! so infamously seduced! so humbly penitent! 'In this miserable condition, helpless and deplorable, mangled by these savage hands, and reviled by this inhuman tongue, I left her, in search of the villain who had destroyed her: but cowardly as treacherous, he had absconded. Repenting my

fury, I hastened to her again; the fierceness of my cruelty shamed me when I grew calmer, the softness of her sorrow melted me on recollection: I returned therefore to sooth her,—but again she was gone! terrified with expectation of insult, she had hid herself from all my enquiries. I wandered in search of her for two long years to no purpose, regardless of my affairs, and of all things but that pursuit. At length I thought I saw her—in London, alone, and walking in the streets at midnight,—I fearfully followed her, —and followed her into a house of infamy!

'The wretches by whom she was surrounded were noisy and drinking, they heeded me little,—but she saw and knew me at once! She did not speak, nor did I,—but in two moments she fainted, and fell.

'Yet did I not help her; the people took their own measures to recover her, and when she was again able to stand, would have removed her to another apartment. 'I then went forward, and forcing them away from her, with all the strength of desperation, I turned to the unhappy sinner, who to chance only seemed to leave what became of her, and cried, 'From this scene of vice and horror let me yet rescue you! you look still unfit for such society, trust yourself, therefore, to me.' I seized her hand, I drew, I almost dragged her away. She trembled, she could scarcely totter, but neither consented nor refused, neither shed a tear nor spoke a word, and her countenance presented a picture of affright, amazement, and horror. 'I took her to a house in the country, each of us silent the whole way. I gave her an apartment and a female attendant, and ordered for her every convenience I could suggest. I staid myself in the same house, but distracted with remorse for the

guilt and ruin into which I had terrified her, I could not bear her sight. 'In a few days her maid assured me the life she led must destroy her; that she would taste nothing but bread and water, never spoke, and never slept. 'Alarmed by this account, I flew into her apartment; pride and resentment gave way to pity and fondness, and I besought her to take comfort. I spoke, however, to a statue, she replied not, nor seemed to hear me. I then humbled myself to her as in the days of her innocence and first power, supplicating her notice, entreating even her commiseration! all was to no purpose; she neither received nor repulsed me, and was alike inattentive to exhortation and to prayer. 'Whole hours did I spend at her feet, vowing never to rise till she spoke to me, —all, all, in vain! she seemed deaf, mute, insensible; her face unmoved, a settled despair fixed in her eyes, —those eyes that had never looked at me but with dove-like softness and compliance!—She sat constantly in one chair, she never changed her dress, no persuasions could prevail with her to lie down, and at meals she just swallowed so much dry bread as might save her from dying for want of food. 'What was the distraction of my soul, to find her bent on this course to her last hour!—quickly came that hour, but never will it be forgotten! rapidly it was gone, but eternally will it be remembered! 'When she felt herself expiring, she acknowledged she had made a vow, on entering the house, to live speechless and motionless, as a penance for her offences! I kept her loved corpse till my own senses failed me, —it was then only torn from me,—and I have lost all recollection of three years of my existence!

'The scene to which my memory first leads me back

is visiting her grave; solemnly upon it I returned her vow, tho' not by one of equal severity. To her poor remains did I pledge myself, that the day should never pass in which I would receive nourishment, nor the night come in which I would take rest, till I had done, or zealously attempted to do, some service to a fellow-creature. 'For this purpose have I wandered from city to city, from the town to the country, and from the rich to the poor. I go into every house where I can gain admittance, I admonish all who will hear me, I shame even those who will not. I seek the distressed wherever they are hidden, I follow the prosperous to beg a mite to serve them. I look for the dissipated in public, where, amidst their licentiousness, I check them; I pursue the unhappy in private, where I counsel and endeavour to assist them. My own power is small; my relations, during my sufferings, limiting me to an annuity; but there is no one I scruple to solicit, and by zeal I supply ability. 'O life of hardship and penance! laborious, toilsome, and restless! but I have merited no better, and I will not repine at it; I have vowed that I will endure it, and I will not be forsworn. 'One indulgence alone from time to time I allow myself,—'t is music! which has power to delight me even to rapture! in quiets all anxiety, it carries me out of myself, I forget through it every calamity, even the bitterest anguish. 'Now then, that thou hast heard me, tell me, hast *thou* cause of sorrow?'

From "Cecilia."

LOUISA VENONI.

Sir Edward ———, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something besides pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it. He had been abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Tho' always sumptuous, and sometimes profuse, he was observed, however, never to be ridiculous in his expenses, and, tho' he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind him more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute his intended tour alone. Descending into one of the vallies of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian

mule, his horse, unluckily, made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants with scarcely any signs of life. They conveyed him upon a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after some days it abated, and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter. He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in Venoni's cottage (for his house was but a better sort of a cottage), the night of her birth. 'When her mother died,' said he, 'the Signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her own house; there she

was taught many things, of which there is no need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life.' But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, when they were praised by Sir Edward, which they had never given her before; and the family concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer then either. But his conversation with Louisa—it was that of a superior order of beings!—science, taste, sentiment!—it was long since Louisa had heard these sounds; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them! from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expression, animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter. Louisa's was not less captivating—and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome, and, of consequence, increased, his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward al-

lowed of it's being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the restraints of virtue. Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. 'That,' said she, 'nobody ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am alone and in low spirits. I do n't know how I came to think of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad.' Sir Edward pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for a husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.—'To marry, where one cannot love,—to marry such a man, Sir Edward!'—It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir Edward pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues, and concluded by swearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal. Sir Edward improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of cere-

monies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. Louisa started at the proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep. They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had represented him, coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, tho' much above his neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often do on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest. Next morning Louisa was indisposed and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but, before his departure he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa. In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket upon the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched upon one of them and had already begun it's accustomed song. Louisa sat down upon a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from it's perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground, and burst into tears. She turned—and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of it's former langour; and, when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. 'Are you not well, Sir Edward?' said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken.

—'I am ill, indeed,' said he, 'but my illness is of the mind. Louisa cannot cure me of that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness, and to speak what I wished, tho' it wounded the heart of my dearest benefactress—but I will make a severe expiation. This moment I leave you, Louisa!—I go to be wretched; but you may be happy, happy in your duty to a father, happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility.—I go to my native country, to hurry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless amusement; that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind, a listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful with Louisa.' Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir Edward's servants appeared with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of Louisa, he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. 'This,' said he, 'if Louisa will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it, perhaps, after the original is no more; when this heart shall have forgot to love, and ceased to be wretched.' Lousia was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. 'Oh! Sir Edward!' said she, 'What—what would you have me do?'—He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured

the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni. The virtue of Louisa was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of the past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir Edward felt strongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was still subject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps, he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of Louisa nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words; sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and, when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music. On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Lousia to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendor of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage and show, that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures; if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt, for a while the pangs of contrition. These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done

him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refused consolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderness and affection were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after it's first transports had subsided, he carried her to London in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it. With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her lodgings separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt which she now considered, as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father. In London Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their

knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth, and insolence of station, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare: she saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he shewed her. Sometimes, when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave it's melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the colour faded in her cheek; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin. One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand organ, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid aside her lute, and listened: the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a

servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment. He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy: she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the musician changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.—Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger.—He threw off a tattered coat and black patch.—It was her father!—She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter. Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.—'I come not to upbraid you,' said Venoni, 'I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die! When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in Venoni's fields: grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, tho' you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy;—else why that dejected look which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear, and those tears which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?'—'But she shall shed no more,' cried Sir Edward; 'you shall be happy, and I shall be just. Forgive, my venerable friend,

the injuries which I have done thee; forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts, amidst affected purity, they are slaves to pleasure without the sincerity of passion, and, with the name of honour are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louisa!—but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem.—Continue to love your Edward but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife; let the care and tenderness of a husband bring back it's peace to your mind, and it's bloom to your cheek. We will live for a while the wonder and envy of the fashionable circle here. We will restore your father to his native home; under that roof I shall once more be happy; happy without alloy, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni.' *The "Mirror."*

ORIGIN OF THE PRIORY OF THE TWO LOVERS,

near Rouen, in Normandy.

In the twelfth century lived one of those titled barbarians, who prided themselves in that prerogative of impunity which was one of the characteristics of the feudal government. The sole delight of this haughty baron seemed to be in frequent and capricious displays of savage despotism. He was continually conceiving the most absurd ideas of amusement; and his gothic imagination ever selected that, which border-

ed most on the ferociousness of cruelty. To a brutal rage for singularity, like this, we may doubtless trace the origin of those whimsical services that were appendant to our ancient fiefs, and which the enlightened legislatures of modern times ought universally to eradicate. Our baron was happy in all those extravagant freaks, in which high birth and unbounded riches could enable him to indulge. An only daughter he had, named Genevieve, whom the chronicles of those times have handed down to us as a paragon of beauty. It may be imagined, in course, that a crowd of rivals contended for the honour and the happiness of her hand. Nor can we suppose the peerless Genevieve herself unsusceptible of the tender passion. Baldwin, a young chevalier in the neighbourhood, had certainly no reason to doubt it. Amiable he was, and amiable did he appear in the eyes of the charming maid. Ardent and reciprocal was the passion they cherished. His, however, the young Chevalier studiously concealed from every eye. His patrimony was too slender to encourage aspiring hopes, and in conjugal alliances does interest too often preside with fatal sway. Through no other medium did the father of Genevieve view her lover. To a thousand exalted qualities, the liberal gifts of nature, he was totally insensible. Baldwin was convinced then, that he never could be the husband of the beautiful Genevieve. But does Love ever reason? He listens—he attends only to the tender sentiment, and no obstacles does that sentiment perceive. Has Love then sufficient resources in himself?—Every day the tenderness of the two lovers increased; and, increasing, it seemed to become irresistible.

The baron is not long unacquainted with their mutual passion. He surprises the young chevalier with his

daughter. He could perceive the ingenuous frankness of modesty in the one, with ardour and inexpressible ecstacy in the other. In the first suggestions of fury he would have sacrificed Baldwin to immediate vengeance. Genevieve throws herself at her father's feet: she bedews them with her tears: she implores her lover's pardon: 'I will not survive him,' cries the beauteous maid: 'save him, my father; hurt him not; or I die with him—I perish upon the spot!'—The old baron was not unaffected by her tears; yet still his savage temper had the ascendant. Pointing to a hill near his castle, 'Young man,' said he, 'you have been presumptuous enough to think a moment of my daughter. Nevertheless she shall be your wife, if you will carry her, without stopping, to the top of yonder hill; but the least repose shall cost you the prize.'—The chevalier does not suffer him to finish. He flies to his mistress, takes her in his arms, and runs towards the hill, exclaiming, 'You shall be mine—you shall be mine!'—A crowd of vassals assisted at a scene that was at once so barbarous and so singular. Love has very justly been painted with a bandage over his eyes. Baldwin, in the excessive ardour of his passion, had not perceived the extreme difficulty of his undertaking. His eyes—his whole soul was fixed on Genevieve. He ascended the hill with inconceivable swiftness; he had wings: he felt the heart of his mistress palpitate against his own. 'I tremble, my dear friend,' said she, 'you will not reach, you will not reach the top—moderate your impetuosity.'

'Fear nothing, fear nothing, my adorable Genevieve—you know not the power of love.' The whole assembly utter vows to heaven for the amiable pair. In a thousand ways they express their encouraging approbation. But the lover's strength begins to fail—he

perceives it himself: 'My dear, dear Genevieve, speak! repeat to me that you love me. Fix your eyes on mine—yes! you revive me, you strengthen me again.'

Nature, however, abandons him, love is now his only support, and what cannot love atchieve? Baldwin now looks towards the summit of the hill, and measures it with his eyes, which he had not done before. 'Ah! is it not very high?' said his terrified mistress. 'I shall reach it—I shall reach it!'— How justly has it been observed, that ardent love is capable of performing miracles! Baldwin, indeed, was no longer a man. It was the Genius of Love that triumphed over insurmountable obstacles. The cries of the spectators resounded on every side. They trembled, they mounted, they panted with the young chevalier, who was now intently regarding the summit as the period of his efforts. The admiring multitude did not fail to observe all his motions. They saw every member working, struggling, vanquishing fatigue. Genevieve, the beauteous Genevieve was weeping. At length the happy Chevalier gains the height. He instantly sinks with his precious burden upon the earth, which he seems to embrace as the monument of his victory. A man of letters would here mention Cæsar, who embraced the earth in like manner, 'and for an object of far less consequence,' would add some enamoured lover. Acclamations of joy arise. 'Baldwin is victor—Baldwin has gained the prize!'—'My friend, my beloved,' exclaims Genevieve, 'will now be my husband!' She throws herself upon his bosom—she lavishes the most tender expressions. Her lover answers not—his eyes are closed—he is motionless: 'Oh! heavens!' cries Genevieve, 'he is dead—Baldwin, my Baldwin is dead!'— The young conqueror had sunk

under his fatigue. 'He is dead, he is dead!' mournfully passed from mouth to mouth. Consternation is visible in every countenance. The eyes, the looks of all are fixed on the fatal summit. Genevieve, weeping, presses her lover to her bosom: she strives to recall him to life. Her kisses, her tears revive the chevalier: he opens an almost lifeless eye: with a faltering voice he can only utter, 'I die, Genevieve! Let them give me at least the name of thy husband upon my tomb: the sweet idea consoles me—Oh! my only love, receive my last sigh!'— The spectators, who did not a moment lose sight of Genevieve, had been restored with her to hope. They had easily understood that Baldwin had revived. They now as easily perceived, that it was only a rapid flash of hope. They were convinced of it by the dreadful shriek with which Genevieve again uttered, 'He is dead, he is dead!'—In a moment they saw her sink upon her lover's corpse. The inhuman baron is now agitated by all the terrors of paternal love. He flies to the hill. The crowd hastily follow him. They gain the summit. They find Genevieve, with her two stiffened arms, embracing the unfortunate Baldwin. In vain would her wretched father revive her. Genevieve, Genevieve herself was now no more. All the people loaded with reproaches the barbarian. Piety did not fail to consecrate the sentiments of nature and compassion. A chapel was built upon the fatal spot; and the father, desiring in some measure to expiate his fault, erected a tomb, in which he ordered, that those whom he would have separated in life, should be united in death.—This place has ever since been called by a name that will perpetuate their melancholy story—'The Priory of the Two Lovers.'

G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

MORAL TALES.

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FATHER NICHOLAS;

&c.&c.

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FATHER NICHOLAS.

BY HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ

It was at a small town in Britany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures which strangers used to visit. I went with a party whose purpose was to look at them: mine, in such places, is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, and gives subject for meditation. I confess, however, I have often been disappointed; I have seen a group of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind: one, however, was of a very superior order; that of a monk, who kneeled at a distance from the altar, near a gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark Rembrandt shade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involuntary, no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his cross. The similarity of the attitude, and the quiet resignation of the two countenances, formed a resemblance which could not but strike every one. 'It is Father Nicholas,' whispered our conductor, 'who, of all the brotherhood, is the most rigid to himself, and the kindest to other men. To the distressed, to the sick, and to the dying, he is always ready to administer as-

sistance and consolation. Nobody ever told him a misfortune in which he did not take an interest, or request good offices which he refused to grant; yet the austerity and mortifications of his own life are beyond the strictest rules of his order; and it is only from what he does for other's, that one supposes him to feel any touch of humanity. The subject seemed to make our informer eloquent: I was young, curious, enthusiastic; is sunk into my heart, and I could not rest till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. 'It is not usual,' said he, 'my son, for people at your age to solicit acquaintance like mine. To you the world is in it's prime; why should you anticipate it's decay? Gaiety and cheerfulness spring up around you; why should you seek out the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet, tho' dead to the pleasures, I am not insensible to the charities of life. I feel your kindness, and wish for an opportunity to requite it.' He perceived my turn for letters, and shewed me some curious manuscripts and some scarce books, which belonged to their convent: these were not the communications I sought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the story of his sorrows, the cause of his austerities. One evening, when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a small picture, which I took to be that of the blessed virgin. I stood behind him, uncertain whether I should wait the close of his devotional exercise, or retire unperceived as I

came. His face was covered with his hand; and I heard his stifled groans. A mixture of compassion and of curiosity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence. He laid hold of the picture, which he kissed twice, pressed it to his bosom; and then, gazing on it earnestly, burst into tears. After a few moments, he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to Heaven, and muttering some words which I could not hear, drew a deep sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time, and rising from his knees, discovered me. I was ashamed of my situation, and stammered out some apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions.

'Alas!' said he, 'be not deceived; these are not the tears of devotion; not the meltings of piety; but the wringings of remorse. Perhaps, young man, it may stead thee to be told the story of my sufferings and of my sins: ingenuous as thy nature seems, it may be exposed to temptations like mine; it may be the victim of laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of false honour, and mistaken shame. 'My name is *St. Hubert;* my family ancient and respectable, tho' it's domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up in the estimation of a young man for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with applause through the ordinary studies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother sent me to Paris, along with the son of a neighbouring family; who, tho' of

less honourable descent, was much richer than our's. Young Delaserre (which was my companion's name) was intended for the army; me, from particular circumstances which promised success in that line, my mother and her friends had destined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchase of a charge for me when I should be qualified for it. Delaserre had a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The *fierté* of every man who had served, and the insolent superiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition, and awed my bashfulness. From nature I had that extreme sensibility of shame, which could not stand against the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, by superior effrontery; and the best established principles of my mind would sometimes yield to the impudence of assuming sophistry, or of unblushing vice. To the profession which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and sober manners, were naturally attached; having once set down that profession as humiliating, I concluded it's attendant qualities to be equally dishonourable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined; a bully in vices which I hated and despised, Delaserre enjoyed my apostacy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school he was much my inferior; and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearance of superior dignity and show; the cockade in his hat inspired a

confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judged kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share, if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness, and reflected on with remorse. Sometimes, tho' but too seldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other side; I was self-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by stealth; while the time and money which I had so employed, I boasted to my companions of having spent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice. The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the restraints of conscience. But the dangerous connection I had formed, was broken off by the accident of Delaserre's receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his desire, I gave him the convoy as far as to a relation's house in Picardy, where he was to spend a day or two in his way. 'I will introduce you,' said he, in a tone of pleasantry, 'because you will be a favourite. My cousin Santonges is as sober and precise as you were when I first found you.' The good man whom he thus characterized, possessed indeed all those virtues of which the ridicule of Delaserre had sometimes made me ashamed, but which it had never made me entirely cease to revere. In his family I regained the station which, in our dissipated society at Paris, I had lost. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural disposition to goodness; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more interesting assistant

to it. After my experience of the few of her sex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaserre, however, found them insipid and tiresome. He left his kinsman's the third morning after his arrival, promising, as soon as his regiment should be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. 'Except in Paris,' said he, 'we exist merely, but do not live.' I found it very different. I lived but in the presence of Emilia de Santonges. But why should I recall those days of purest felicity, or think of what my Emilia was? for not long after she was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that assiduity which was due to his friendship, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the skill of his physicians, were fruitless. He died, and left his daughter to my friendship. It was then that I first dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's and tremblingly ventured to ask, if she thought me worthy of comforting her sorrows? Emilia was too innocent for disguise, too honest for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues (for I then was virtuous), to reward at the same time, and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merit was equal to her happiness; and I may say, without vanity, since it is now my shame, that the since wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deserve the blessings he enjoyed. In this state of peaceful felicity we had lived something more than a year, when my Emilia found herself pregnant. On

that occasion, my anxiety was such as a husband, who doats on his wife, may be supposed to feel. In consequence of that anxiety, I proposed our removing for some weeks to Paris, where she might have abler assistance than our province could afford in those moments of danger which she soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness, from a variety of motives; but most of my neighbours applauded my resolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from their country *accoucheurs* was such, that nobody who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce my wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented; and we removed to town accordingly. For some time I scarcely ever left our hotel: it was the same at which my Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad presages which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. 'I shall not live,' she would say, 'to revisit Santonges: but my Henry will think of me there: in those woods in which we have so often walked, by that brook to the fall of which we have listened together, and felt in silence what language, at least

what mine, my love, could not speak.' The good father was overpowered by the tenderness of the images which rushed upon his mind; and tears for a moment choked his utterance. After a short space he began, with a voice faultering and weak. 'Pardon the emotion which stopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind; the images her speech recalled, softened my sensibility into sorrow; but I am not worthy of them. Hear the confession of my remorse. The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit: mean time, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me. In passing through the Thuilleries, in one of those walks, I met my old companion Delaserre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarcely expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broken off. He had heard, he said, accidentally of my being in town; but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice which were only not believed from an unwillingness to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not

familiarized to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of enquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the happiness which I enjoyed, he pressed me so earnestly to spend that evening with him, that tho' I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed. Our company consisted only of Delaserre himself, and two other officers, one a good deal older than either of us, who had the cross of St. Louis, and the rank of colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantry around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old officer, who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by Delaserre. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the colonel to sup with him the evening after. The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister, and a friend of her's, a widow, who tho' not a perfect beauty, had a countenance which impressed one much more in her favour than could mere beauty. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We hap-

pened to be placed one next to the other. Unaccustomed to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my attentions and conversation; and in her's I found myself both flattered and delighted. We played against our inclinations and won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delaserre, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes: but we were the only persons of the company who seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good humour. *Madame de Trenville* (which was the widow's name) smiling to the colonel, asked him to take his revenge at her house; and said, with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favourable fortune. At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, tho' her words continued the same, she could not help expressing by her countenance her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and the next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be: thoughtful, but afraid to trust each other with our thoughts, Emilia shewed her uneasiness in her looks; and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gaiety of appearance. The day following Delaserre called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he

had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night, I thought I perceived a tear upon her cheek, and would have staid, but for the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety; and Delaserre was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the colonel threw in a little raillery on the subject of marriage. 'T was the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party. We played deeper and sat later than formerly; but I was to shew myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw Emilia next morning, whose spirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct; and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. Delaserre came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed, as he went, that Emilia looked ill. 'Going to the country will re-establish her,' said I. 'Do you leave Paris?' said he. 'In a few days.' 'Had I such motives for remaining in it as you have.' 'What motives?' 'The attachment of such friends; but friendship is a cold word: the attachment of such a woman as De Trenville.' I know not how I looked; but he pressed the subject no further: perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been. We went to that lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual; and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned on my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country manners, of country opinions, of the in-

sipidity of country enjoyments, was kept up with infinite spirit by Delaserre, and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me, as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry upon. I was half ashamed and half sorry that I was going to the country; less uneasy than vain at the preference that was shewn me. I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell on an expedient to screen myself from a discovery which might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delaserre, who now resumed the ascendancy over me he had formerly possessed; but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville. It happened, that just at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of her's in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doted on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have the better opportunity of effecting this little con-

cealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence. She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and profusion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune which should have supported my child and her's, to a set of cheats and villians. Such was the snare that Delaserre and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honour, for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin; but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected. After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house, I knew

not whither. My steps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again: twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night; and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to ease me of life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia, and of my infant boy, crossed my disordered mind; and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes. I rose, and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep, with a night lamp burning by her, her child sleeping upon her bosom, and it's little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again; and as the misery to which she must wake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea rose within me.—I shudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myself!—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—the infant unclasped it's little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart; it's softness returned; I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room; and gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Hav-

ing sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sun-rise a stage coach overtook me. 'T was going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in sullen and gloomy silence in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strength fail; and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever. A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul as he had done to my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlour. As I sat there one morning, the same stage-coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and among others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The state of weakness she was then in did not allow her

strength to support the shock which my letter gave. The effects were, a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed-side; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to it's calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to that spot where they laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown; and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences.—But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavour by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in his sight. Blessed be God! I have attained the consolation I wished. Already, on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds it's celestial light. The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. 'T was but last night my Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her!—his voice ceased,—he looked on the picture; then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe-struck at the sight. The bell for vespers tolled—he took my hand—I kissed his; and my tears began to drop upon it. 'My son,' said he, 'to feelings like your's it may not be unpleasing to recall my story: if the world allure thee, if vice ensnare with it's pleasures, or abash with it's ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous and be happy.'

The Lounger.

FLAVIA.

"By Flavia warn'd, of flattering swains
take heed, ye easy fair!
of vengeance due to broken vows,
ye perjur'd swains! beware."

Flavia was the daughter of a tradesman who lived in the city of Norwich. She was his eldest child; and, by her duteous respect and tender solicitude for her parent, stood highest in his affection.

Her person was beautiful; her manners graceful and pleasing; her disposition cheerful and liberal.

In the same neighbourhood dwelt Lothario, the youngest son of a person in the same sphere of life as Flavia's father. He was suffered by his parents to indulge in all the indolence and foppery of fashion; and, with a propensity to dress and dissipation, he soon became a *beau garçon*, or in plain English, a coxcomb. Flavia, with all her virtues, unhappily possessed a too yielding credulity; the gay appearance of Lothario, which often presented itself before her eyes, inflamed her heart; and she regarded him above his fellows. Lothario had marked her out for an object of seduction: her beauty and innocence but inflamed his heart; and he considered her a conquest that would add fresh laurels to his fame. He had discernment enough to discover the partiality of the unhappy maid, and he took his measures accordingly. Flavia was flattered by the attention he paid her. She heard, with secret delight, his vows and his protestations; and confiding in his insidious professions,—she fell. The effects of their commerce soon became visible. Flavia requested her lover, in the most pathetic manner, to confirm his vows; and he, softened by her distress, felt, for the

first time, an alarm of conscience, which sometimes arises in the mind of the most abandoned libertine.

An unlucky accident, however, occurred, which destroyed the unfortunate Flavia's warmest wishes. Her father in a fit of inebriety had a short time before quarrelled with the parents of his daughter's seducer, which had sown discord between the seniors of the two families. One evening, while the father of Flavia was shewing to her some marks of affection, he accidentally discovered her situation. His rage immediately kindled and burst forth in imprecations; nay, he spurned her from him: but when his paroxysm had subsided, the affection of the father prevailed, and he raised her from her knees. He sued for a reconciliation with Lothario's parents, and offered an advantageous marriage portion; but they were inattentive to his proposals; and, under pretence of sending Lothario to the West Indies, they dispatched him to London. The tale of scandal soon spread, and Flavia was exposed to the pity of the humane, and to the contempt of prudes and devotees. Her soul was depressed, and melancholy preyed on her faculties. Yet, encouraged by Lothario's frequent letters, who had still address enough to persuade her that he was constant, she supported herself against the barbarity of the world, and still hoped to be happy with Lothario. From him, however, amusement, new attractions, and time, gradually wore off the remembrance of Flavia. His letters grew less frequent, and at length were discontinued.

After the expiration of some months, he returned to Norwich. When Flavia heard of his arrival, her heart fluttered, in hourly expectation of his presence; but when she found he treated her with neg-

lect, and refused to see her, every hope vanished, and she fell into the agonies of despair. 'Is this,' cried she, 'the return which man grants for affection? and shall he, for whose sake I have borne a load of reproach and calumny, shall he too treat me with neglect? Then am I wretched indeed, and my cup of sorrow is full!' Thus harassed, thus agonized, the hour of nature's difficulty drew near. In that hour she met the tenderness of a reconciled parent, and the assistance of *une sage-femme*, eminent for her skill and humanity. She wept over her child with a mother's fondness, while now and then a sigh escaped for it's perjured father. For some days her health seemed promising; but, as may easily be imagined, the disorder of her mind and the load of sorrow she had undergone, had left little to assist in raising up an exhausted frame, and her last hour grew rapidly nigh. The humane apothecary who attended, declared that her disorder was induced by that most incurable of maladies, a broken heart.

On the night of her departure, she convened her friends, and after her head had been raised, she addressed them in the following pathetic manner.

'I feel,' said she, 'that my time is short; the benumbing power of death hangs heavily. To one who has endured affliction like me, these symptoms are no unwelcome harbingers. Death is a minister of relief; and could that innocent, who owes it's being to a perfidious father, accompany me, my exit would be fortunate and happy. It is this cord which still binds me to earth.' She then desired that the child should be laid upon her arm, over which she wept.

'We are scarcely known to each other, my dear babe,' continued she, 'ere it is our destiny to part.

I leave thee to a world of ingratitude and deceit. O that thou mayest escape thy mother's misfortunes, and possess a mind more noble than thy father's. Never mayest thou send an unsuspecting virgin to the grave; nor may the curse of guilt and perjury fall on thy head. To you,' and she called her sister's husband, 'to you, Horatio, I commit this precious charge. Foster and protect it, for a wretched mother's sake; and may the blessing of Heaven descend on it and you, even when I am forgotten!' Horatio received the child, while in interrupted accents he pledged his protection. 'My father,' said the dying Flavia, to the old man, who stood weeping at her bed side, 'accept, my loved, my ever honoured parent! my last tribute of gratitude for your generosity and affection. Weep not for your Flavia; for her who has tainted the remnant of your days with bitterness: she is going to a happier, to a better existence, where are to be found no perjured lovers. Live, my father! for the sake of your remaining attachments, and rejoice that I am ceasing from misery. God will pardon my frailties and my errors. May that God,' addressing herself to those around her, 'also comfort and prosper you and your's;—and may he bless—O may he bless—my child!' At these words the lovely Flavia sunk to endless rest. We will draw a veil over the sorrow of her friends while we execrate that libertinism which has snatched many an amiable young woman from her relations, from her friends, from an admiring world, and sent her untimely to the grave. May this example cry loudly in the ears of young females, that much caution is necessary in the disposal of the affections; for wretches exist who labour, with mean arts, to rob them

of all that is valuable—their honour and their respectability. And may our *modern* youth learn, that however ensnared by fashion or example, they may consider it a glorious atchievement to render an unsuspecting female miserable, and destroy the peace of private families; yet, it is the meanest and basest species of guilt and cowardice; over which the just hand of retribution will, sometime, retaliate a thousand fold.

ROSETTA.

Settled in my villa on the banks of the Calder, a long distance from the scene of my former woes, I flattered myself the substantial enjoyments of philosophy and pure religion would soothe my mind into perfect tranquility. But I have still feelings. In my yesterday's evening walk I stopped at a little thatched dwelling, whither I had often been attracted by the simplicity of it's inhabitants, and often encouraged to express my sentiments in the way of instruction. It happened that a favourite daughter, whom I had usually seen cheerful and innocent as the playful lamb, was at the moment resigning herself to the stroke of death. What a reverse of cottage happiness! She was supported by a widowed mother, who exhibited a picture of more than maternal distress. A young man, whom I since understood to be her lover, was just rising from all that was dear to him on earth. He seemed as if he could not weep; a mixture of despair and worn-out sensibility possessed his countenance. Rosetta lifted up her languid eyes, which had not for many days been raised from the ground, to his, and

fixed them; I thought I heard her say, 'Farewell!' It drew tears from a fountain which is almost dry. The poor unfortunate girl, it seems, in one of her evening walks, was overtaken by a travelling pedlar, who, after robbing her, by brutal violence prevailed still further; through the inactivity of our police the villain escaped. The chaste Rosetta could not survive her honour—she told her story—pined in secret—and died.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

'Have the goodness to buy a nosegay of a poor orphan!' said a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was passing by the corner of the Haymarket. I turned and beheld a girl of fourteen; whose drapery, tho' ragged, was clean, and her form such as a painter might have chosen for a youthful Venus. Her neck, without covering, was of the purest white; and her features, tho' not perfectly beautiful, were interesting, and set off by a transparent complexion; her dark and intelligent eyes, were shaded by loose ringlets of raven black, which shed their sweetly supplicating beams through the silken shade of long lashes. On one arm hung a basket of roses, the other was stretched towards me with a bud. I drew out of my pocket some money, 'Take this, sweet innocent!' said I, putting it into her hand, 'and may thy existence and thy virtue be long preserved!' I was turning from her, when she burst into a flood of tears. Her look touched my soul; I was melted by the artless gratitude of this poor girl, and a drop of

sympathy fell from my own cheek. I returned to console her, when she added as follows: 'Your's, sir, have been the first kind words I have heard since I lost all that was dear to me on earth.' A sob interrupted her discourse. 'O, sir,' she continued, 'I have no father, no mother, no relation; alas! I have no friend in the world!' She was silent for a moment before she could proceed. 'My only friend is God! on him, therefore, will I rely. O may I support, with fortitude, the miseries I am born to experience, and may that God ever protect you!' She dropped a courtesy full of humility and native grace. I returned her benediction, and went forword.

'And can I thus leave thee, poor creature?' said I, as I walked pensively on; 'can I leave thee for ever without emotion? What have I done that can entitle me to thy prayers? Preserved thee a few days from death; that is all, and shall I quit thee, fair blossom! to see thee no more? leave thee to be destroyed by the rude blast of adversity? to be cropped by some cruel spoiler? to droop thy lovely head, beneath the blight of early sorrow? No; thou hast been nurtured by the soft tears of maternal affection; thou hast budded under the sweet sun of domestic content; and under it thou shalt bloom! I returned to her, my heart beating with it's newly formed purpose. The beautifull flower girl was again before me; I took her hand; the words of triumphant virtue burst from my lips. 'Come, lovely forlorn one! come, and add one more to the happy group who call me father! Their home shall be thine; thou shalt share their comforts; thou shalt be taught with them that virtue alone constitutes true happiness.' Her eyes flashed with frantic joy: she flung herself upon her knees before me, and burst

into rapturous tears. I raised her in my arms; I hushed her eloquent gratitude; and led her to a home of peace and tranquillity. She loves my children; she loves their father; and the poor orphan of the Haymarket is now the wife of my son!

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and
THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY,

BY T. POTTER.

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THE SHRUBBERY.

Young Melmoth went down in the summer to his father's seat in Westmoreland, where, being of an active disposition, and having no companions but a German flute, and the works of a few favourite authors, he frequently amused himself with long excursions to examine the beauties which that romantic country affords. He one day rambled till he had gained the banks of Winandermere; the solemn colouring of that magnificent scene, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore, all this concurring with the reflection of his being at a considerable distance from home, filled him with sensations that he had never before felt. As he looked around, amidst his terror and uncertainty, he espied a small farm-house peeping forth from a grove of old trees; after a short deliberation, he resolved to follow a path that seemed to lead thither, and passing through several lonely dells, shaded with beeches, and over-run with wild flowers, he arrived at a wicket that opened into a shrubbery; the opposite plants intermingling their branches, cast a gloom very pleasing to the imagination, and a rivulet, which ran murmuring over pebbles or broke into cascades, now glittered through the leaves at a distance, and now meandered close by the walk. Melmoth had not advanced far in this retreat, when the shrubs, suddenly opening on one side, discovered a little stream dashing down a rough green

bank in an irregular winding manner, and finely diversified by the clods of turf and stems of brush-wood that resisted it's current. A seat upon the opposite side of the walk seemed to invite him to sit down and contemplate the beauties of the scene; so he accepted it's offer. He had not continued long in this posture, before he heard the sound of a harpsichord, accompanied by a female voice. The air was simple and pathetic in the highest degree, and tho' he could not distinguish the words, the melancholy cadence with which they were uttered, concurring with the beauty of the scene, had a strange effect on him; for his constitution was naturally warm, and his feelings were always awake to music. The sounds, presently ceasing, broke the chain of romantic ideas which they had inspired. He took his flute, an instrument on which he excelled; he raised it to his mouth, but the idea of alarming the stranger checked his hand, and he returned it into his pocket. He immediately rose up, and stealing along the walk, presently entered upon a circular grass plot, planted round with evergreens, in the centre of which stood a small stone temple. A myrtle had spread it's branches over the front of the building, and a jessamine, which had been taught to wind up the fluted columns of the portico, hung down in festoons on each side. On the frieze was this inscription: "Dedicated to Sensibility." As this seemed to be the place from whence the sounds, which still vibrated in his ear, had proceeded, Melmoth hesitated whether he should not return, but concluding from the silence that the person to whom he was indebted for them, had retired, with a trembling hand, he opened the door. The walls on the inside were stuccoed, and in a niche was

placed a marble urn, in which grew a sensative plant, a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place, contracting it's leaves at the slightest touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air. On the urn were these words from Sterne: "Eternal fountain of our feelings! 'tis here I trace thee!" A harpsichord stood open on one side, and a book lay upon it. Melmoth took it up. It was the third volume of "Emma Corbett," and open at that part in which the dying Emma, on her return from America, where she had left the remains of a husband and a brother she adored, met her aged father at the door, supported by his servants, and going to attend the funeral of her brother's widow, who had died distracted. The passage affected Melmoth, and it seemed to have affected somebody else, for he thought he saw a tear upon the page; and he concluded the reader had thrown down the book, in a fit of enthusiasm, and struck off the beautiful combination of sounds he had just heard. He had scarcely replaced the book, when a young lady passed by the window with a basket of fruit in her hand. She was dressed in a plain white muslin night-gown, with a bonnet of the same, and there was an elegance in her form which struck him. She presently came back, and, stooping down to bind the broken stalk of a carnation that grew in a border before the window, gave him an opportunity of examining her. Her face was beautiful, but rather formed to please than to dazzle, her features had such a softness and delicacy in them, that they were lost at a distance; and there was a sweetness mingled with melancholy in her look that moved him exceedingly. Her complexion was not striking, but a pleasing expression is superior to the finest in the

world. Melmoth had never known what it was to be in love, nor did he even know then, but he thought he saw something in her countenance which made him wish to be acquainted with her. The god of Love is a gentle deity; his chains are so light that the victim is a captive when he least suspects it; and his arrows are so finely pointed, that the wound is deepest when it is felt the least. As soon as she was out of sight he left the apartment, and, turning down a dark wall on the other side, soon came to a little rocky cavity overshadowed by the brown foliage of an oak, which grew at it's entrance. A seat had been hewn out of the rock on either side, and a spring, which gushed from a corner of the roof at the further end, trickled down with a soft lulling sound, and running directly across the floor, entered the rock on the opposite side. Melmoth sat down to indulge his reflections, when a robin, which had been drawn thither by the sound of his feet, hopped confidently in, but when it saw him, it flew immediately out again. 'And will you fly from me, gentle bird?' said he, bending down and stretching out his hand, 'tho' I am not the fair being you took me for, I would not hurt you, indeed I would not, I would cherish you for her sake.' As he said these words he rose up, and continued his ramble till he arrived at an opening in the wood, that presented him with a distant view of the lake and it's islands, the colours of which were melted into each other by the soft light of the evening. He had scarcely fixed his eyes on the prospect, when an elderly gentleman, who was sitting upon a bench at a small distance, and whom a sudden turn in the walk had prevented him from seeing, attracted his notice. From his dress he appear-

ed to be a clergyman. He immediately rose up: as Melmoth now saw it was too late to retire, he walked up to him with a respectful air, and acquainted him with his name and the particulars of his case, assuring him that nothing but the greatest necessity could have urged him to trespass in his grounds. 'You are welcome, sir,' said the stranger, with a smile equally benevolent and polite; 'I have always heard your family mentioned with esteem, and I shall consider your company not as an intrusion, but as an honour.' Melmoth returned a bow for this compliment, and expressed his sense of the obligation. The old gentleman and Melmoth proceeded along the walk. 'You have a sweet spot here, sir,' said Melmoth. 'Yes, sir,' replied the other, 'I take great delight in it, but it has received no ornaments from my taste, it owes all it's beauties to my daughter, who, poor girl! since her mother's death, has been my only companion in this solitude.' The walk now brought them to a small meadow, planted with fruit-trees, and divided by the rivulet which Melmoth had seen before. The steeple of the village church rose on one side, and at the upper end stood an old brick house, the front of which was almost vegetable from the overgrowth of the vine which covered it. 'This is my dwelling, sir,' said the old gentleman, 'it has not much elegance in it's appearance, but'—'It has more,' interrupted Melmoth; 'the venerable air of an old house affects me much more deeply than the elegance of a modern one. It seems to breathe something of that generous spirit of hospitality which characterized our ancestors, at least, I have always connected that idea with it.' They were now arrived at the door, and Melmoth was shewn into a

room fitted up with a great degree of taste. The walls were hung with several flower-pieces cut in paper, and with drawings of different views which the country around afforded. The windows looked into the orchard. It was the hour of twilight's soberest gray: the bat was taking it's circles in the air, and now and then the owl hooted and flapped it's wings against the casement. 'You live very retiredly here, sir,' said Melmoth. 'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Hartop, for that was his name; 'but my time is spent so agreeably, in the discharge of my duties to my parish, and in cultivating my daughter's mind, that I do not feel the least regret at my seclusion from the world.' The door now opened, and his daughter made her appearance. 'Julia, my dear,' said her father, 'this gentleman intends to honour us with his company to-night. Melmoth rose at her entrance, and she received him with a modest look of welcome, which she always gave to her father's friends. They both sat down, and a silence ensued. Melmoth knew not what to do; when he looked up, his eyes met Julia, and he cast them down again. He was soon relieved from his distress by the appearance of supper, the elegant simplicity of which charmed him. It was succeeded by a dessert. The flavour of the fruit was exquisite; Melmoth had never tasted any so fine—they were gathered by the hand of Julia. When the clock struck ten, all the servants entered. The master of the family informed his guest that it was the hour of prayer, and, upon bended kness, he poured forth the effusions of a grateful heart, with all the honest fervours of devotion. Melmoth went to bed early, but he could not sleep, he could not chase the image of Julia from his mind. His ad-

venture had something so romantic in it, that he almost doubted it's reality; but a few hours before, he did not know that such a being existed, and now his whole existence was interwoven with her's.

As soon as it was light, he went down into the garden. The shrubs and flowers, refreshed with the dew, breathed a fragrance exquisitely pleasing, and the lark soared in the air and warbled it's trembling trilling notes of ecstacy, Melmoth followed the course of the rivulet, in it's mazes through the grove, till he descended into a hollow dingle, where it widened it's stream and slept upon it's rushes. The trees which overhung it reflected so deep a shade, that the light was no stronger than that of a bright moonshine; and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Melmoth sat down upon a bank, and played a lively air upon his flute. It was a piece which himself had composed, and his fancy had already drawn a little circle of faries round him to the sound, when he was roused by the rustling of the leaves. He started up, and looking round, was saluted by Mr. Hartop and his daughter: they had been taking their morning walk, and accident had pointed it in the very same direction with his. They apologized for their interruption, and intreated him to finish the tune. He took up his flute and touched a few notes of the voluntary he had heard the night before. Julia blushed. Mr. Hartop observed her confusion, and leading Melmoth to an opening, began to point out to him the beauties of the prospect. It was a little home scene in the pastoral style. In the valley ran a small river with a mill turning in it's stream, and a green hill rose on the opposite side partly covered with furze, and seamed with a winding sheep-

walk. In the woodlands on the right and left, the birds were singing sweetly in concert, and the pauses of harmony were supplied by the murmurs of the water-mill, and the tinklings of the wether's bell. Melmoth stood listening to these mingled sounds with such a look of pleasure, that he communicated his feelings to his friends. Julia caught his enthusiasm, and her father smiled. It was a favourite scene of her's; she had often viewed it, and as often admired it; but she had not known half it's beauties till now.

'I hope your robin is well this morning,' said Melmoth to her, as they were returning to the house. 'Very well, sir,' she replied, colouring, 'but I did not know that my little friendly visitor had the honour of your acquaintance.' 'My daughter,' interrupted Mr. Hartop, 'has a great affection for the feathered race, and they seem to return it almost with equal warmth. She has at this time a little family of blackbirds under her protection, and she visits them, I believe, every morning, with the greatest anxiety for their welfare. As he said these words, they observed a cat playing with something upon the grass-plat at a small distance, and Julia stepped up just in time enough to see her favourite blackbirds expire at her feet. 'Here they are,' said she, bending over them with her hands clasped, 'here they are indeed!' As she spoke, she looked up, and her heart's soft tear was in her eye. Melmoth felt it stream over his senses. He had all the milk of human kindness in his bosom; but at that moment he felt something more than the simple impulse of humanity within him, and the impression he then received was never lost. As he turned round to conceal his emotion, he saw the cat sitting behind a shrub, just by, and contemplating

with the greatest composure, on the little scene of distress which she had occasioned. Resentment, for a moment, flushed his cheek, and he took up a stone from the walk to throw at her. 'You must not, indeed you must not;' said Julia, warmly,' she only pursued the dictates of nature.' As she said these words she raised her hand to his arm, which was lifted in the action, and the tears, which stood trembling upon her eye-lids, forced their way down her cheeks; Pity's finest strings were then touched, and with her soft and silver sounds the harsh discordant notes of revenge are never in unison. Melmoth shed a tear upon the stone, and dropped it to the ground.

Mr. Hartop stood silent all the while. He looked first at the birds, then at Julia, then at Melmoth, and then at the birds again; his heart was too full to allow him to speak,—it ran over through his eyes.

How long this scene lasted, I cannot tell; if it had been in my power it should have lasted for ever, I would have fixed it on canvas. The conversation at breakfast became warm and interesting; literature and music were the principal topics. Julia was not silent on either: she discovered a delicacy and correctness of taste which astonished Melmoth. 'The study of music,' said he, 'while it sweetly soothes the sense of hearing, touches the soul, and elevates and refines it's nature. I am persuaded there never was a poet who had not a taste for it: tho' I cannot go so far as a French writer, who affirmed, that he who is insensible to it's effects has but half a soul.' 'Shakespeare's celebrated assertion is not bolder,' said Mr. Hartop, 'but I think I can confute you both by a single instance. Garrick had no ear for music!' 'The Itali-

ans,' said Julia, 'are enthusiasts in the art; and the French seem to have imbibed their spirit. The fine nerves of Rousseau were tremblingly alive to it's powers; and his extreme fondness for it, I have heard, appears in almost in every page of his works. Indeed those who have touched the springs of pity with the finest hand, have generally presented the idea of music to the mind, in their most affecting scenes. Marmontelle has given to Fonrose his hautboy; Julia de Roubigné has her harpsichord; and Maria de Moulines has her lute.' 'I don't know a sweeter poem in the language,' returned Melmoth, 'than the "Minstrel." It breathes a spirit of melancholy enthusiasm which captivates the mind irresistibly. The character of Edwin is drawn with exquisite taste, and exhibits some of the most romantic scenes in nature. The idea of reclining at a distance from the village dance, "soothed with the soft notes warbling in the wind," is inexpressibly beautiful. No less so is the reflection that it suggests:

> "Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
> Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
> Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt;
> of solitude and melancholy born?
> he needs not woo the muse; he is her scorn."

His petition in favour of the singing birds is sweetly pathetic.

> "O let them ne'er with artificial note,
> to please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
> but sing what heaven inspires, and wander where they will."

Julia's eye brightened as he repeated these lines, but the unhappy end of her blackbirds had thrown an air of sadness over her features, which all her efforts could not dissipate. It had stamped upon her countenance

—"That expression sweet of melancholy
which captivates the soul;"

and, as Melmoth was acquainted with it's amiable cause, it operated on his feelings with peculiar energy. The heart of Julia was all attuned to gentle emotions, and whenever the faded form of sorrow met her eye, the tear of sympathy trembled in it. I have seen her set out in a morning on her little errands of charity to the poor of the village. She entered every cottage with such a smile of sweetness, and listened to every tale of family distress with such a look of tender concern, that my heart dilated at the sight. I would not have exchanged my feelings on that occasion for those of any one under heaven, but herself. Tho' united to her by no closer bond than that of humanity, I felt a pride, an honest pride in the connection; I felt a dignity in my nature which I had never known before. In the evening they sailed upon the lake, the surface of which was just ruffled enough to shew it was alive. A cormorant was flying over it, and fishing; and upon the banks, which are steep and shagged with wild shrubs, hung a few goats. Here and there a grotesque mass of rock projects boldly over the water, with a little shining torrent falling from it's brow; and often through the precipices appears a smooth green lawn, embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. All these objects were inverted on the blue surface of the lake; and no sooner had the boat pushed off from the shore than they started into motion. The rocks, and woods, and mountains, passed by in silent succession on each side, and changed their figure at every yard.

The rays of the setting sun gave a glow to the landscape and Melmoth threw an air of enchantment over it with the soft notes of his flute. Our voyagers were delighted with their expedition. They coasted every island, and looked into every bay. Every stroke of the oar pointed out new beauties, and inspired new ideas. The spirit of pleasure left not a single second of vacancy, and evening had overshadowed them with her last and deepest shade, before they landed. When Melmoth retired to his chamber, and reviewed the little incidents of the past day, the exquisite sensibility of Julia thrilled his heart. He took out his pocket-book and pencilled upon a slip of paper the following lines.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

AN ELEGY.

Spring had return'd, and nature smil'd,
verdure had crown'd each wood and vale,
all was compos'd, serene, and mild,
and notes of pleasure swell'd the gale.

'T was then a blackbird and it's mate,
in a seringo built their nest,
the patient hen assiduous sate
with trembling wing and heaving breast.

Two chirpers soon reward their care,
the pledges of their mutual love;
the pleasing task the parents share,
and range for food the blossom'd grove.

Returning through a shrubbery mead,
the gentle pair, with anguish, saw
their little ones expiring bleed
beneath a wanton tyrant's paw.

In vain they feebly flutter'd round,
in vain they pour'd a plaintive lay,
deaf to the sweet pathetic sound,
the plund'rer still retain'd her prey.

'Whither, ah, whither shall we fly?
life has no value now,' they sung;
'we'll melt the murd'rer's heart, and die
with wings stretch'd fondly o'er our young.'

When he had finished, he thought something was still wanting;—he had not paid a compliment to Julia. He cut his pencil again and again, but it would not do; the string was too fine to touch upon. He went to bed in despair. In the morning, when he took his leave, he presented the paper to Julia. She read the title, and put it into her bosom, with a smile. But that smile betrayed a secret she wished to have concealed.—It forced a tear down her cheek.

Spirits of love and sympathy! Inspirers of all the soft affections, of all that is beautiful in feeling, and elevated in thought! Ye alone can tell, ye who can awake such trilling harmony from that sweet instrument the human soul, ye alone can tell what fine, what exquisitely fine cement unites congenial natures, what magnetic principles operate on them.

It was not till three years after, when Melmoth returned from making the tour of Europe, that he had an opportunity of revisiting his friends. He had written to them several times on his travels, but had never received any answer, and he concluded that his letters had miscarried. Interesting as were all the various scenes which had passed under his eye during that interval, they had not once diverted his thoughts from the beloved object of their contem-

plation; Julia mingled in every idea;—he had passions, sighs, sentiments, and sensations only for Julia. As soon as he arrived in London, he obtained his father's consent to ask her hand, and instantly set off for Westmoreland. It was towards the close of the third day when he reached the banks of the lake, and he ordered the post-chaise to drive to the by-path, intending to walk up to the house through the shrubbery, that he might surprise them the more agreeably. When he opened the wicket, he was presented with a scene embellished with all the beauties of the spring. The lilac was in full blow, and the laburnum dropped it's golden clusters in a grand profusion; while the softer blossoms of the apple and the almond appeared above the rest, and were finely relieved by the fresh verdure of their foliage. Melmoth recognized every object with the feelings of a friend. Every tree and shrub recalled to his mind the ideas they had inspired, when he first walked under their shade, and he bade them welcome with as much ardour as if they had been animate. He looked down, as he passed, at the bench upon which he sat when the voice of his Julia first broke upon his ear; and his heart exulted as he looked. But his impatience would not suffer him to indulge the idea. He had a thousand things to say, a thousand little incidents which he had treasured up in his memory to tell of. Every minute seemed an age which did not bring the interview along with it, and he quickened his pace at every step.

When he came to the house, he found a servant sitting in the porch, and he enquired eagerly if Mr. Hartop was within. 'No, sir,' she replied, 'he is just gone to speak over his daughter's grave.' 'Whose

grave?' interrupted Melmoth, in a faltering voice.' 'Miss Julia's, sir; she died last week of a consumption. That gate opens to the church-yard.'

Melmoth felt the intelligence in every nerve. It was as the cold point of a dagger at his heart. He did not utter a word in reply, his feelings would not let him; he stood motionless as a statue, gazing on vacancy, and lost in the sensations which harrowed up his soul. All the fond hopes, which he had cherished so long, were now extinguished, and in the very moment when he expected their completion. He walked up to the gate, but he could not open it; it led to a scene which he knew would quite unman him—he let the latch fall, and burst into tears.

An interval of reason succeeded—it was an interval of patience, humility, and hope—but it was short. The frenzy of his soul returned; he burst the gate open, and rushed violently through. As he hurried along the path that winded among the tombstones, his eye looked round involuntarily for the objects it most dreaded to fix on; and it soon found them. A number of mourners had ranged themselves in a little circle round a grave on one side—it was an interesting group, and Melmoth drew near to examine the weeping figures which composed it. They were villagers, whose families Julia had been enabled by her father to keep from want, and who had asked leave to pay this last tribute of gratitude to her memory. Mr. Hartop stood advanced a few paces before the rest, with the volume of inspiration in his hand. There was a manly resignation expressed in his countenance, and a firmness in the tone of his voice, which shamed Melmoth for his weakness —except now and then, when a tear stole down his

cheek, and melted his accent. He had lost all that was dear to him in this world, and his soul was now ready to take it's flight. A good man, struggling with adversity, and rising amidst all it's efforts to depress him, is an object on which angels may look down with delight, and which the Divine Being must contemplate with peculiar complacency.

As soon as the funeral service was over, and the mourners had departed, Melmoth stepped up to the grave, and looked eagerly in. The frantic wildness of his air struck the sexton, who was preparing to throw the earth into it; and he stood fixed in silent astonishment, with his foot lifted up on his spade. Melmoth kept bending over, with his eye chained to the inscription on the lid of the coffin.—Within it were the remains of one whom he had chosen from the rest of the world—she *was* indeed *his* world—he had seen her walk—her eyes, now for ever closed, had once—and who could not have interpreted their language—had once conversed tenderly with his. The thought cut him to the soul—he could not bear it—and he walked hastily away—but he had not gone ten paces before his strength failed him, and he returned back to take another look.—He was too late—the sexton had already fallen to work and the coffin was to be seen no more, for the last spadeful of earth had covered it. A tear started into his eye at the disappointment—he looked wistfully at the man a moment, but had not the heart to reproach him for it—every feeling within him was tuned to tenderness; he fetched a deep sigh, and walked slowly away, weeping as he walked. In his return to the parsonage, he met some of the mourners who had been conducting Mr. Hartop home, and he

commanded firmness enough to enquire the particulars of an event, the sudden disclosure of which had so unhinged him. Mr. Hartop, they said, had been confined, the year before, by a long and dangerous illness; and the closeness and anxiety with which his daughter had attended him during that period, had brought on a slow fever that soon threw her into a decline. When Melmoth came to the gate, he felt himself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter, and he took a turn in the garden in order to compose himself. But Julia had not left the shades which she had rendered so dear to him. They were all full of her. He saw her in every object, he felt her at every step, at every instant he heard her well-known voice,

"Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains."

In every wood-scene her gentle figure appeared at a distance among the trees; she sat upon every bench, and stood listening beside every water-fall. He took a path that soon brought him to the edge of a small pool hung round with willows. It was a scene in unison with his feelings, and he threw himself upon a seat to indulge the melancholy which had taken possession of his soul. He looked back on the past, and every sensation within him accused him of folly in his conduct to the Hartops.—To have delayed an alliance, even for a moment, with such virtue, would have shewn him unworthy of it; but to go abroad, to linger so long in a foreign country, to seek the society of strangers while Julia was alive, this betrayed such insensibility that he could never forgive himself. He was rising in an agony of vexation and despair, when happening to turn his eye towards the tree round which the seat was fixed, he observed his

own name cut on the bark of it. His heart instantly told him who had done it.—Julia did not forget him, tho' he had deserted Julia. The idea of his having wronged her was more than he could bear;—every better feeling revolted at it. He took out his penknife, and, wiping away the tear that dimmed his eye, he cut *Julia Hartop*, close under his own name. 'The tree,' said he, 'shall not bear such a memorial of her affection and none of mine.' By the time he had finished, he had acquired some degree of composure, and he ventured to return to the house. When he reached the door he found it open, and he stepped into the hall. He waited a few moments for a servant to introduce him, but none happened to come, and after a little hesitation, he walked softly into the parlour. The first object that met his eye was the venerable figure of his friend, sitting by a table, and leaning upon his hand, with his eyes cast down, in the attitude of meditation. The sight of the room in which they had last met, gave him back the sensations he then felt—when he looked round on the furniture and saw every chair and table, every flower-piece and drawing, just in the places he had left them, Julia entered his bosom, and touched at a thousand points,—he trembled, and would have given the world to go back. He made an effort to speak, but the voice he would have uttered was lost.—Mr. Hartop lifted his eyes from the ground. At the sight of Melmoth he started from his seat—he took his hand—he looked him full in the face—the tears came at last. 'You are come, sir,' said he, 'to a house of mourning, but I hope you will not repent of your visit; the obligation it confers is deeply felt.—I have suffered severely in

my family since I saw you last—I have lost a daughter, and such a daughter:'—he paused—'I have had the distress to see her die by inches before my face—and with such angel meekness did she bear it all:'—he paused again; nature melted within him at the thought; it revived the images of tenderness in his memory, and all the father rushed into his eyes. He could not but "remember that such things were, and were most dear to him," 'But I am not without consolation,' he added, pointing with a triumphant action of the finger, to a Bible that lay open upon the table, 'I am not without hope. That book assures me we shall meet again—meet in a better and a happier world, never, never to be parted.'

As he said this, he cast a look upwards. A silence of a few moments followed. He stepped up to the mantle-piece, and taking down a portrait—the portrait of Julia, he presented it to Melmoth. 'I was charged,' said he, 'to deliver this to you, sir, as soon as the original was no more. She drew it herself, a little before she died; and, in her last moments, she entrusted it with me, as her legacy to one, with whom she had once wished to be united.' Melmoth gazed on the miniature with a kind of weeping rapture that wants a name. He dwelt on every feature till imagination gave it life. He saw again that face, with all it's touching sweetness of expression, which his heart had just told him, he should see no more; and he forgot, for a moment, that he held only the semblance in his hand. Mr. Hartop felt himself overcome. Every nerve that he had was shaken; and he walked up to the window to conceal his emotion: a robin, at that instant, flew down to pick up some crumbs that had been thrown upon the grass-

plot.—He burst into tears. The good old man did not long survive his daughter. A shock so severe, soon broke a constitution which time had already shattered;—and when he died, he left his little all to Melmoth. He was buried, as he had desired, in the same grave with his wife and daughter; and one plain stone, with as plain an inscription, marks the spot. Melmoth returned into the active scenes of life. A natural gaiety of temper, and a fine flow of spirits, served to dispel the gloom which hung over his mind; but the loss he had sustained was never forgotten; and, often, in his brightest moments when the image of Julia crossed his mind, he would step aside into the shade, to dwell on her virtues, and feel the melancholy luxury of tears.

"O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
pectore, te pia nympha, sensit."

THE TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY.

A passion for solitude and rural pleasures induced me to pass the finest months of autumn in the most delightful and romantic part of Tuscany. In one of my excursions, I was bewildered in an adjacent forest; in vain I endeavoured to find the path which would conduct me to the villa of my friend. In this situation, night came suddenly on, and created those alarms which result from being exposed to the dangers of some savage prowler. Chance conducted me through an avenue, at the end of which I found a large extensive plain covered with yews, beech, and venerable oaks. Upon an eminence was seen the ruins of an uninhabited castle, where a majestic linden reared it's towering branches over the mouldering battlements. An ancient chapel, which had as yet escaped the ravages of time, the clattering of a neighbouring mill, the hollow rumbling of the winds, and the melancholy murmurings of a water-fall, spread around this lonesome scene a gloomy horror. I heard the piercing accents of a human voice; I hastened to the spot from whence it came, and there beheld the mournful complainer, clothed in black, prostrate upon the ground, his hands lifted up to heaven, his hair dishevelled, and a countenance expressing all the bitterness of woe. I approached him with respect; and enquiring my way to Prato, he made me no reply, preserving the same posture and attitude. I repeated the question again and again, with some importunity; at last he turned towards me, and with a deep sepulchral tone of voice articulated—'The days are for you—the nights for

me! Cease to disturb my meditations.' Terror and dismay seized my soul. Astonished at my timidity, I in vain attempted to resume my presence of mind—I thought I saw this being of darkness increasing in bulk and hideousness—frightful spectres seemed to surround me—the air darkened in an instant—a panic caught my senses, and a cold deadly sweat bedewed every limb. I fled the spot with the swiftest precipitancy, till I found myself at the brink of a precipice which seemed to terminate in the regions of departed spirits. I paused; and looking which way to pursue my flight, a spire appeared before me, and, at my nearer approach, I saw the glimmerings of some scattered cottages. My fears were instantly dissipated, nor could I refrain smiling at my cowardice; nevertheless, what I had seen and heard impressed on my mind a sensation of the blackest melancholy. I repaired to the parsonage-house, where I minutely related what had passed. The simple old gentleman assured me I had seen the ghost who had for some time haunted that part of the forest; that he had frightened many of his parishioners; adding a long string of idle stories, which bespoke this ecclesiastic the son of superstition and ignorance. I partook of his hospitality, and retired to rest as soon as possible. No sooner was I alone, than my heated imagination called up a chaos of shocking ideas. 'Strange!' said I, 'that a rational or irrational being could shun the light, and the society of his fellow-creatures! Perhaps he is some unfortunate lover, who has lost the object of his tenderness, and comes to weep and deplore his fate at her grave.—Perhaps an unhappy wretch, whose remorse for some abominable crime devotes his nights

to expiation and penitence.—Perhaps heaven has permitted him to fall in my way, to awaken a sense of past follies, and call me back to the paths of virtue,' An irresistible curiosity prompted me to return to the very scene I had quitted in my fright: ashamed of my pusillanimity, I was firmly resolved to brave every danger; and in this determination, I, the following evening, quitted my reverend host, bent my steps towards the spot, which was now disarmed of all its terrors, and calmly contemplated the object, which I found in the same posture of sorrow and humility. The rays of light emitted by the moon and stars, gave me an opportunity of watching all his actions. Already the night was far advanced; yet I determined not to quit my position, till the *denouement* of this strange adventure. Some hours after, he rose from his kneeling, bathed the ground with his tears and kisses, and retreated through a kind of labyrinth, but with so slow and solemn a step, as enabled me to follow at a proper distance. He soon descended into the bottom of a valley: at the end of it projected a little eminence, covered with box and creeping ivy, at the foot of which he instantly disappeared. I hastened my cautious steps, but could not discover the least trace of a habitation. I however persevered in my search; and, at last, I found an aperture in the rock, into which I entered, but with much difficulty; and as I advanced in this subterraneous passage, it became more and more spacious. 'Is it possible,' exclaimed I, 'that this can be the retreat of a human being? Is it probable that a man can voluntarily conceal himself in the very bowels of the earth? No, certainly no!' In fact, I began to lose that presence

of mind necessary in such situations, and thought of returning back.—I feared I had gone too far, and rashly exposed my life to some beast of prey retreated hither. The reiterated noises heard at some distance, which appeared to be coming nearer and nearer, were dreadfully alarming. My courage, however, did not totally forsake me; I advanced till a straitness in the rock seemed to oppose my progress; I passed it with difficulty. A sudden light, joined to a frightful spectacle, now opened to my view, and exhibited on every side an image of religious horror. Here this ghastly inhabitant was extended upon a large stone, hewn out in the form of a coffin, and absorbed in so profound a reverie, that even some clamour which I made did not excite the least emotion. I drew nearer to this unhappy mortal, with a kind of dread mixed with a feeling of the tenderest compassion; and, on closer inspection, saw the strongest impressions of despair and grief had furrowed his livid cheeks, which wore every mark of extreme wretchedness; nevertheless, there still remained some faint traces of youth and comeliness. His eyelids half open—his looks fixed and haggard—one hand extended towards heaven, the other impressed upon his heart. Around him hung on scrolls, rudely sculptured, and in large characters, the most striking sentences from the sacred volumes. As the assassin in his sleep pursues the bloody phantom of him whom he has murdered, starting from his bed awakes; so in like manner this living corpse was roused from his reverie, exclaiming—'Wretched body! when wilt thou return to dust? "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"' His frame trembled with the excruciating torments

of his mind, while the big starting tears rolled down his pallid cheeks. 'The picture was too distressing to behold in silence—I ran to console his miseries. 'Pardon, O pardon the powerful interest you have inspired; I have been witness to your sufferings; I have sympathized in your agonies—deign, therefore, to tell me what calamity has made you so singularly wretched.' Surprise and astonishment were seen in every feature of his face. 'What destiny,' exclaimed he, 'what destiny is more rigorous! I have fled the society of men—you have discovered a retreat that I would have concealed from all human nature. What new enemy of my fatal existence has conducted you to this lonely and deserted cell?' 'No enemy,' I replied, 'but the suggestions of a compassionate, tender heart. It was I who addressed you the other evening; it was I whose voice knew not how to respect your solitude. Your words struck me to the soul; they incited an unconquerable propensity to learn your fate, to offer you my friendship, and give you every possible consolation.' 'Consolation,' said he, 'can never enter the sepulchre I inhabit; it is sacred to groans, sighs, and fruitless lamentations. I have consecrated it to penitence and tears.' 'But remember,' urged I, 'that the Deity condemns a penitence too austere, and rejects the vows which have for their object the destruction of our being. 'A life contrary to what I now experience,' he maintained, 'would be an offence towards heaven and human nature; yet I welcome the voice which invites Affliction to lift up her languishing head. But my fate is fixed, and my resolution cannot be shaken; nevertheless I will unfold the shocking tale, provided you

will swear religiously to keep it a profound secret, as also the place of my retirement; that you spare me all manner of superfluous advice, and that you leave this cavern never to enter it again.' My eagerness to hear the history of so extraordinary a character induced me to comply with his injunctions. He then gave me the following narrative. 'My family is so well known and respected, that, from motives of tenderness, their names will not be mentioned; suffice it to say, that in my twentieth year I united to the externals of person and address, a heart insensible to every liberal pursuit. In this early period of my existence, I was a consummate master in every species of intrigue and seduction. I made a brilliant figure at the gaming-table, while my profligacy gave me such an éclat, that I became the envy of one sex, and the admiration of the other. The amiable foibles of youth I coloured with so delicate and high avarnish, accompanied with an ingenious raillery and good humour, that I gave the *ton* to those circles which were then frequented for high breeding and conviviality: and in mixed companies I cautiously veiled these shining talents under the mask of a most respectful politeness, and a studied air of candour, modesty, and diffidence. My knowledge of the world was already such, that I had no difficulty in discovering the leading features of those I addressed; and discriminated the language of prudery, coquetry, cunning, assumed gravity, and the pretty prattlers of sentiment and virtue. 'In this career of dissipation, vice, and crime, I intended passing a few months in the country, with some choice spirits of similar dispositions. In our route we passed near the celebrated abbey of B***, which

furnished us with a number of jocular conceits and common-place observations, on the extreme folly of those young women who had buried their persons and attractions in that lonesome and dreary prison.

'What treasures of love,' exclaimed one, 'are here concealed from the world! What new scenes of delight could the lover here realize! What rapid conquests to be made! How easy the road to their feelings, could one but obtain admittance!—Here, my friend,' addressing himself to me, 'here is a process worthy the most renowned knight; I wonder, indeed, thou hast not added this to the list of thy *bonnes fortunes*. Thy person and figure are propitious for the glorious enterprize; thy face is perfectly feminine, adorned with the loves and the graces: in a woman's dress, thy admission is indubitably certain; one of us will present thee in quality of a boarder or noviciate. This is the very quintessence of gallantry. Novelty, my boy, will create new transports; the sighs of penitence will soon be changed to those of love; every heart will fly to thee alone; thou wilt be a complete sultan in the midst of a royal seraglio. Be cautious, however, for thou canst not throw thy handkerchief to all; but a knight of thy rank and importance knows how to triumph over every obstacle. Add this to thy heroic atchivements and thou mayest defy the malice of thy competitors.' 'I would, indeed, have braved every danger, rather than not attempt this novel feat of gallantry. I was too jealous of preserving my acquired superiority over the companions of my pleasures; I was even vexed not to have been the first to suggest such a measure: I instantly adopted it, lest some other should tear this additional laurel from

my brow. 'We returned to town to procure the necessary appendages for a young lady of my assumed consequence. I bound my friends to secrecy while I remained an inhabitant of the convent. I was delighted with the frolic; and no sooner metamorphosed into petticoats, than a carriage brought me to the abbey. Here they introduced me as a dove destined to the altar, and whose fervour and disposition earnestly solicited to imitate the pious examples of that holy order. The lady abbess received me as wearing the looks and robe of innocence; and I performed this wicked part with such inimitable *naïeveté* as even staggered my conductors.

'Being thus successfully introduced into this religious sanctuary, my immediate pursuit was to select a proper victim; the superior attractions of a young lady, called Cecilia, in the bloom of youth and beauty, adorned with the loves and the graces, engrossed my sole attention. Her apartment was adjoining to mine; an intimacy soon took place, and her heart spoke the genuine language of the most tender amity. In fact we loved each other, but with different feelings; her's flowed from a pure and unaffected friendship; mine from an impetuous passion, which sought to triumph over honour, principle, and sentiment. 'This was indeed the first impulse of a real attachment; and this attachment was greatly augmented by a retreat from the world and all it's fashionable dissipations. In contemplating this all-accomplished and elegant woman, I became a new creature; and, at that moment, felt the deepest remorse for my past follies, and the infamy of my proceedings. I began to know and set a just value on the reciprocal union of two virtuous and suscep-

tible hearts; I even sighed after the happy period when I was to begin the career of a refined sensibility. ' ' Can I have the savage cruelty to seduce this artless, affectionate, and unregarded innocent? Can I bring the blush of sullied purity on the bewitching cheek of her who has not as yet even the suspicion of artifice or perfidy?' To my shame be it said, that this was the first time in all my life I ever felt the least compunction in betraying the woman who listened to my addresses: but I passionately loved Cecilia, and therefore could not think of abandoning an object who was mistress of my affections. My feelings, however, took the lead of my reasoning faculties; for our interviews became so interesting, ardent, and inexpressibly seductive, that I no longer thought of any other measures than such as lead on to ruin and sensuality. 'One night —a night ever horrible to my remembrance, a night which ought to be effaced from the annals of time!— being in the appartment of Cecilia, she poured into my bosom the effusions which sprung from a joy of having placed her esteem on an object worthy of unbounded confidence. Unhappy maid! little did she dream of cherishing a serpent in her breast, who was dooming her to a rapid and inevitable destruction! 'The progress of our intimacy was at last carried to such a degree of familiarity, that she innocently proposed our sleeping together: this proposition crowned my most sanguine wishes, and I dared to carry my audacity to the consummation of the blackest crime, even in the assylum of protected virtue. 'The clock struck two—I tiptoed to Cecilia's chamber, who was glad to see me; and although I considered myself as the worst of villains,

I did not tremble to ensnare the best and most lovely of her sex! Like the blood-thirsty tiger watching his destined prey, I panted for the moment to erect my triumph upon her credulity and eternal infamy! Sleep at last took possession of her whole soul—the wished-for moment was arrived. 'A taper at the farther end of the room threw a feeble light on the alcove, in which lay for the last time the tranquil Cecilia; this light, faint as it was, disclosed to my longing eyes a multitude of charms. O what a fascinating spectacle is that of beauty and innocence in the arms of sleep! Unhappily I was too great a slave to my passions to revere the temple of chastity; I saw nothing but what served to inflame my senses, my eyes rioted in forbidden pleasures—my burning kisses lighted up new fires in the bosom of this angelic maid: this discovery bereft me of every consideration—and heaven was witness to my criminal delights. 'The lost Cecilia beheld me with amazement, terror, and distraction—I with difficulty stifled her cries against her brutal ravisher. I threw myself at her feet, and conjured her to look on me as an unhappy mortal—an unhappy mortal whose audacity had but too justly incurred her hatred and indignation. 'Who,' said I, could behold such ravishing attractions, and not pant to possess them? Let me conjure you to make the avowal of your passion; and if the words of the most tender and devoted of lovers can efface the crime dictated by the acuteness of his feelings, suffer me to add, that heaven condemns this tyranny exercised on susceptible hearts; break, then, the chain imposed by ignorance, prejudice, and cruelty—in a speedy flight I shall become less culpable in your eyes—em-

brace the fortune of your adorer—this is to follow the sweet invitation of nature, and the sure road to future happiness. Let us fly these prison walls—let us fly to the land of liberty, where'——'Cease vile seducer!' said the distracted Cecilia, this pitiful harangue inspires me with that contempt which I have for your person and sentiments—think rather to finish the abominable work, by not suffering me to live after you have robbed me of what is dearer than life itself.' 'Tears, sparkling with the fire of indignation, ran trickling down her animated cheeks, and her stifled sighs announced the extreme agitation of her mind. She seemed to struggle against the most visible despair: she remained for some minutes in the profoundest reverie; at last, a more than human courage brightened up in her countenance. ''The crime is consumated,' said she, endeavouring to conceal the horror I had inspired; 'haste, take me from the spot which is now become insupportable!' 'At these words, joy and ravishment succeeded that stupor of astonishment into which I was before plunged. Without losing an instant of time, I ran back to my chamber, dressed myself in the clothes of my sex, and adopting every precaution which prudence suggested: I effected our escape in the most perfect security.

'We had, however, scarcely lost sight of the convent, when Cecilia drew back, and with a countenance expressive of anger, and with a smile of ineffable contempt— ''Villian! do you think so meanly of me, then, as to suppose that I should abandon myself to my assassin? If these feeble arms cannot punish my insulted honour, heaven is my avenger, nor shall I implore that aid in vain.' These words

were scarcely uttered, when she fled from me with amazing swiftness. 'I was petrified—nay, for some time I remained motionless as a statue; but the moment I recovered from my surprise, I followed her steps, which redoubled her speed, till she had reached a river then in view. Without a moment's hesitation, without turning her head, without uttering a single word, she plunged into the rapid stream, and instantly disappeared.' 'Judge, then, my situation! I had nearly caught her clothes, when a watery tomb closed on this injured, unhappy creature! I saw the curlings of that vortex where she had sought the most violent of deaths! I instantly threw myself into the circling eddy, calling most piteously on the undone Cecilia; but the rapidity of the current carried me down the stream. In this state of distraction a consciousness of my danger, however, predominated; and after many violent struggles for life, I reached the ever detested shore. I wandered along the margin, searching the spot where the fatal catastrophe had happened, and fancying at every step I saw the corpse floating upon the surface. Nature changed it's whole aspect—the rocks, surcharged, hung threatening over my head—the heavens coloured, the winds, the trees, the waters—every thing around me, pronounced my sentence of eternal misery! My tortured mind realized all the horrors of my situation, which were heightened by discovering among the rushes the lifeless body of my Cecilia cruelly disfigured. I will not torture your feelings with the then distracted state of mine; suffice it to say, that in the midst of this shocking scene, some fishermen passing by, heard the accents of my distress, and made towards me. Imagine their

astonishment, at the sight of a man, wild with grief, embracing a corpse clothed in the habit of a religious order! ‘O my friends!’ exclaimed I ‘in pity rid me of an existence that is now become intolerable! I have plunged a dagger into the bosom of innocence—here she is—here is the victim of my treachery!’ ‘The monastery was alarmed, pursuit was made—they found me; and dragged me to a magistrate, before whom I confessed the atrocious crime, and was instantly ordered into close custody, loaded with irons, and treated with that rigour I had so justly merited. Heaven, however, reserved for me the torments of a long and cruel penitence; for my family were soon informed of my imprisonment; and their influence reversed the sentence of an ignominious death, and changed it into banishment. ‘I no sooner learned this circumstance, than I not only resolved to quit my native country, but to shun the society of the whole world. This project engrossed all my thoughts, and I feigned every necessary preparative for my going abroad: in this interval, I meditated on making my retreat hither, which I have ever since consecrated to penitence and tears. To effect this, I disguised myself in a dress suitable to the horrors of my mind, and this cave I devoted as my future assylum, from whence I never ventured out but when an universal darkness reigned; then I visited the place where you first heard my fruitless plaints. There I seemed to hear her shade reproach me for my perfidy; but, far from being dismayed at this phantom of my imagination, I was even pleased to contemplate it, which I thought wandered incessantly about me. I even prostrated myself before her, and endeavour-

ed to appease her manes with inarticulate sounds, sighs, and tears. Every night these woods, these recesses are responsive to my bitter wailings; and my only luxury is the luxury of woe.' 'Alas!' exclaimed I, 'what are the pleasures of a sublunary mortal?' He answered, 'They are like the rays of the sun sporting upon the deep, which are obscured by the first passing cloud.' 'I see,' added he, 'however, in you, sir, the appearance of youth, health, and cheerfulness; you have as yet made but few steps in the career of life, a life which at first offers a series of reiterated delights. But be not deceived by such fallacious appearances! Guard against the inclinations incident to youth; for if you once suffer them to blind your reason, you are from that moment treading upon precipices which will lead you to inevitable destruction.

'The evils incident to human nature continually present themselves: we carry with us the seeds of misfortune, vice, and crime—a thousand objects, a thousand circumstances, nay, some trifling incident, may lay a train of accumulated wretchedness. This heart of mine has been my only enemy—my woeful history shews it with a vengeance! Let my misfortunes then serve as a terrible lesson—and remember this important truth, That an early initiation into vice and profligacy is attended with sure and irremediable misery.' Here ended the recital of a tale which had filled my soul with the tenderest compassion. I had sworn to obey his injunctions, and therefore silently retired from this scene of singular distress. The day began to reanimate every creature, and opened a new world to my ideas. I

now, for the first time, reflected on the train of evils resulting from a criminal indulgence of the passions. I even saw those objects, which before I used to consider as the highest bliss, in a point of view which called up a sentiment of pity. I entered a pretty village on the banks of the spreading Po; and from it's numerous flocks and the hilarity of it's inhabitants, I pictured the return of the golden age. Among a troop of blooming damsels was one in particular, who appeared to be a perfect beauty. She wore a hat ornamented with flowers, which half discovered a pair of eyes that darted fire. I was struck with the elegance of her figure, her animated countenance, her fine complexion, and the delicate whiteness of her bosom. Never did the Egyptian Queen, when drinking costly pearls, dying with love and voluptuousness, display half the charms of this artless creature; nor could I figure Venus more attractive when in her Idalian groves she caressed her favourite Adonis. I approached her with respect—she glanced a timid look, and instantly retired. My eyes followed the object that had fascinated my senses; I was going to step after her, when I was stopped by the recollection of the virtuous and affectionate Julia.

'What,' exclaimed I, 'what violence am I about to commit against the most lovely and the best of women! O no; I cannot injure thee in thought. I have only given way to the surprise of my senses—my heart is incapable of infidelity. A beauty has made a forcible impression on my feelings; but it is because she has thy charms, thy features, and thy attractions. No, my Julia! never shall the serenity of thy brow be clouded by that demon Jealousy.

Thy empire over my heart is not to be shaken. My tenderness and assiduous attentions will justify thy happy confidence. I will fly to thy fond arms, and expiate my momentary error in thy endearing caresses. Then shall I hear the tender solicitudes which my absence has occasioned.' In pronouncing this soliloquy, I hastened my steps, and soon after joyously reached the villa of my friend, determined to abridge my visit, that I might return to the bosom of love, ease and tranquillity.

THE UNFEELING FATHER.

A FRAGMENT.

'Does nature refuse to plead for me?' said Charlotte, kneeling before her father; or does she plead in vain!' 'You have broken the sacred bonds of nature,' said the old gentleman, 'by leaving a fa-

ther's fond protection, and a mother's tender care, to pursue the fortunes of the only man upon earth whom they detested.' 'An heavenly father,' exclaimed Charlotte, 'would forgive an humble repenting child, and shall an earthly parent spurn such a child from his presence?' 'To that heavenly father you speak of I then consign you,' replied he, 'for my doors are no longer open to you. Let your husband's friends protect his darling; you are mine no more!' 'But my children, my children! alas! what is their crime? I am forlorn, lost, abandoned; left to a hard destiny, but pity, O pity these two children,—suffer them not to perish!' 'They are not mine,' said the inexorable parent—'they will never clasp my knees—I will not foster ingratitude! Let their father take the spade and the mattock, and let him find them bread. No office is beneath the affection of a parent, when children have not been disobedient. I am your father no more.' This fatal dialogue passed between Charlotte and Arspatio in the porch of his house. He denied her farther entrance. He shut the door against her, and retired to his chamber. The night was dreadfully tempestuous: she could not encounter the hard wind and beating snow. She remained therefore in the porch; pressed to her bosom, in turns, her shivering babes; bade them cling to her; hoping that the dawn of morn would bring mercy. But when the morning dawned, her repose did not break, she had slept the tranquil, peaceful sleep of death. The servants found her a stiffened corse; her children weeping beside her. When the hardened Arspatio reached this scene of horror, his nerves relaxed, and he sunk

upon the floor.—Peace abandoned him for ever. He now endeavours to repair his cruelty by tenderness to the children. When in the simplicity of innocence they prattle of mamma, he mutters to himself, 'Ah, murderer! where shall be clemency for thee! So young a victim, so severely repentant!'

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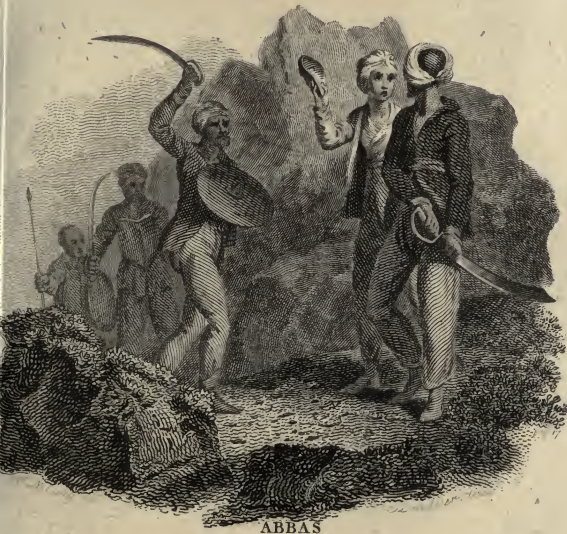

ABBAS

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ABBAS.

BY JOHN LANGHORNE, D. D.

———The sun appearing above the horizon, Solyman prostrated himself in the profoundest adoration. When he arose from his devotions, he advanced towards the English merchant, his fellow traveller, with a look of kindness mixed with pity and concern. The merchant understood him: but as he was unwilling to controvert the principles of his religion, he made no apology for his conduct during the devotions of Solyman. The mild morning light which was diffused over the vallies and streams, the various beauty of the meadows, the regular disposition of blossom'd hedgerows, the soothing murmur of bees at their early labour, and the full concert of the feathered creation, drew their conversation on the universal beneficence of nature. 'I feel,' said Solyman, 'a delight, which I can neither account for nor describe. These mountains, gilded with the rays of the orient sun, those painted vallies that shame the rich carpets of Persia, yon distant waters which gleam with the shifting effulgence of light, the general busy voice of joy and activity in the animal creation, conspire to fill my heart with inexpressible pleasure.' 'That pleasure,' replied the merchant, 'I believe, proceeds from sympathy: it is scarcely possible, unless you have some peculiar cause of misery, not to be pleased when you see every thing around you happy. On the contrary, if you go into the mansions of sorrow, it will be impossible to withstand the infection of it. The God of nature seems to have given us these sympathetic feelings, to link our affections in the great chain of society: hence, social virtue is not left to de-

pend solely on the moral will, but is founded on the principles of our nature. 'But the object of your adoration is so profuse of his favours, that I should now be glad to find some convenient shade. I think, I discover a cave on the southern declivity of the mountain; let us retire to it during the heat of the day.' As they were advancing towards the cave, they perceived a beaten path leading directly from it to a distant rivulet: this made them apprehensive that it might be the habitation of some wild beast that had worn the path by constantly going to drink at the stream: but their fears were soon removed on the appearance of an aged hermit, advancing slowly towards the rivulet with an earthen pitcher. At the sight of the travellers, he hasted to his abode with all the feeble precipitancy of age: they agreed not to disturb him, and only took the advantage of the rock which projected over his cell, to shelter themselves from the sun; but they had not long continued in this situation, before the hermit, perceiving them to be inoffensive travellers, invited them into his cave.

'You will excuse,' said the hoary sage, 'the caution of years: these mountains are not secure from the ravages of human ferocity; and these gray hairs would be no defence from the wanton cruelty of man. I have suffered so much from my own species, that I have at last forsaken their society: I thought it better to give up the conveniences of it, than to bear the evils; and I have long lived in this solitary cave on nothing more than what uncultivated nature would afford me.'—Those sufferings,' said Solyman, 'must, indeed, have been extraordinary, that could make you give up one of the greatest advantages of life, the social intercourse of your fellow-creatures.'—'The narratives of age,'

replied the hermit, 'are seldom agreeable to youth; but as instruction can be gained only from experience, you will do wisely to learn it from the misfortunes of Abbas. 'I was born to a competent fortune in the province of Lurestan: but being early left an orphan, my affairs came under the cognizance of a justiciary court, which the members of it call the court of equity; but so equitable were they with regard to me, that they claim'd two parts of my little fortune for their care of the third.'—'Would to God, that were never the case in Great Britain!' interrupted the merchant. 'But proceed.'—'Tho' I had such an early and convincing proof of the treachery and rapacity of mankind; yet, as I had always exercised the benevolent virtues myself, I could not think others totally devoid of them; and at my three and twentieth year, being inclined to travel, I without scruple entrusted the remains of my fortune with a person whom I had long known and respected; a person, holy Allah! who lifted his hands to thee; but I had not been absent from Lurestan more than three moons, when he pretended a commission to dispose of my effects, and immediately left the place. On my return therefore to the province, I found neither friend nor fortune; and being bred to no business, I was reduced to the most distressful state of indigence. I applied, however, not without hopes, of redress or relief, to a person of power and eminence, whom I had often heard speak of his friendship with my father. After long and frequent attendance, I was admitted to an interview. I laid open my distress to him with that kind of eloquence which the miseries we suffer from the treachery of others always suggest; and which, however unaffecting it may be to indiffer-

ent persons, utters it's complaints with dignity and resentment. I was heard half way through my story, and dismissed with the following reply:' 'It is not necessary, young man, to proceed with your complaints; I perceive you have been abused, and am sorry for you. But that shall not be the only proof of my regard for you; I will give you a little advice: you should never depend so much on the benevolence or integrity of any human being, as to trust him with your fortune or your life.' 'Thus ended my hopes from the friend of my father; whose benevolence extended no farther, than to instruct me how to secure the fortune that was stolen, and to preserve the life which I wished to lose. 'I had now no choice but to enter as a common soldier into the army of the Sophi. I had always delighted in martial exercises, and was expert in the use of arms: my dexterity and address drew upon me the attention of my officers; and, in a short time, I obtained a small commission, I had now almost forgotten my miseries, and embraced my new situation with cheerfulness and hope; but fortune, who had for a while ceased to persecute me as below her notice, as if she had been indigant at my satisfaction, and jealous of my prospects, now renewed and redoubled her severity.

'My commanding officer had a daughter of extraordinary beauty, and an uncommon capacity. Zara was the object of universal admiration; but she had set her heart on the unfortunate Abbas. The first moment I beheld her, I discovered in her looks the most tender and affectionate regard for me, which I imputed to her compassion for my misfortunes; tho' at the same time I wished, without knowing why, that it might proceed from another cause. She asked me for

the story of my life: I told it in the plainest and most pathetic manner; yet, when I had finished, she desired me to repeat it. From this moment I had done with peace; her infectious tenderness had such an influence on my heart, that I could think of nothing but Zara; without Zara I was miserable. A thousand times did I flatter myself, that there was something more than mere compassion in her look and manner; and not many days had passed, before I was convinced of the dear fatal truth from this letter:

'TO ABBAS.

'Your merit and your sufferings have a claim to something more than compassion: to espouse the cause of Abbas, is to discharge a duty which virtue cannot dispense with. Meet me upon the parade this evening and you shall know more of the sentiments of ZARA.'

'The emotions I felt on the receipt of this letter, can only be conceived by those who, in the midst of despairing love, have beheld a gleam of hope. The tumult of my heart hurried me to the place appointed, long before the time: I walked backward and forward in the utmost confusion, totally regardless of every object about me; sometimes raising my hands and eyes in the sudden effusions of transport, and sometimes smiling with the complacency of delight.

'At length the day departed, and Zara came. My heart bounded at her sight: I was unable to speak, and threw myself at her feet. She was alarmed at my excessive earnestness and confusion; but commanding me to rise, 'Abbas,' said she, 'if your confusion proceeds from your modest gratitude, restrain it, till you find whether I am able to serve you; if it arise from any other cause, I must leave you this moment.' I,

entreated she would tell me to what I was indebted for the happiness of this interview, and I would be calm and attentive.' 'My regard for your merit, and my compassion for your sufferings,' said she, 'make me wish to serve you. Tell me, Abbas, can I assist you through the interest of my father? I faltered out my acknowledgments; telling her, that to her I must owe all my hopes of future happiness.

'She left me immediately without reply. The singularity of my behaviour upon the parade before the coming of Zara, had drawn on me the attention of an officer who was secretly her admirer, and who, either through curiosity, or suspicion, tho' unobserved by me, had waited at a convenient distance to watch my motions. No sooner did he perceive the approach of Zara, than, as well to gratify his revenge, as to ingratiate himself with her father, he immediately told him of our interview. 'Zara ignorant of what had passed, with her usual freedom and good nature, began to express her compassion for the misfortunes of Abbas, talked of his merits, and wished to see him preferred. The old general, who was naturally jealous and impetuous, exclaimed, with a burst of indignation, 'Yes, I shall prefer him!' Early the next morning he sent me my discharge; and while I was gazing, in stupid astonishment, upon my general's letter, a youth, masked, brought me a small casket, with a letter from Zara, which, to the best of my remembrance, was as follows:

'TO ABBAS.

'By some unlucky circumstance, which I do not now understand, instead of promoting you, I have been the cause of your dismission. The bearer, who brings you a small casket of jewels for your support,

has my commands to conduct you the shortest way over the mountains: follow him immediately, lest the rage of jealousy meditate new persecutions. He wears a mask, that he may not be taken notice of as one of the general's domestics: his attachment to me will make him faithful to you. Time may bring about happier events. Adieu, adieu! 'ZARA.'

'In the anguish and confusion of my heart, I followed my guide, without knowing whither he was leading me or what I was about to do. I vented my grief in broken ejaculations, frequently calling on the name of Zara, but not once addressing myself to my attendant. By the evening of the second day, we had advanced forty miles southward from the province of Lurestan; when—how shall I relate the last horrid scene of my miseries!—pardon me!—these aged eyes have yet a tear left, yet a tear for the memory of Zara!—we were attacked by a band of robbers. My guide was Zara! in her fright she threw off her mask, and cried, 'Zara!' Love, rage, fear, and vengeance gave me supernatural strength: three of the villians fell by my sabre; a fourth disarmed me; and the rest of the gang carried off Zara.'

At this crisis of his story, the spirits of the aged hermit were exhausted by their own violence; and it was some time before he could proceed.

'You have now,' continued he, 'heard the completion of my misfortunes. When I was recovered of the wounds I had received, I spent some months in a fruitless search of Zara. At last, despairing to gain any intelligence of her, I transmitted an account of the affair to her father; not without hope, that his power or his wealth might be a means of finding her out, and

redeeming her: but I was deceived; and had soon the mortification to hear, that the unnatural wretch exulted in our misfortunes, and uttered the most dreadful imprecations on his only child.

'Deprived of hope, and dejected with melancholy, I could no longer bear the society of mankind: I therefore betook myself to these solitary mountains, where this cell has been my habitation for years, that have passed away in unvaried sorrow; and where you are the first of human beings that have heard me tell my tale.' Solyman expatiated on the sufferings of Abbas with the most tender sensibility, and inveighed against the baseness of mankind with all the rage of honest resentment. 'Surely,' said he to the merchant, 'man is the vilest of all creatures! in proportion as he excels them in reason, he exceeds them in the ability to do mischief; and being equally cruel, the mischief he does renders him more detestible. Sacred Mithra! why dost thou lend thy light to the villain and the tyrant? Were it not for the enjoyment of your company, my friend, I should have few inducements to go farther from the valley of Irwan; for possibly to see more of human life, is only to know more of it's crimes and miseries. 'From the complicated distresses of one person,' replied the merchant, 'you draw a partial image of the life of man. But the day declines: let us hasten over these mountains, that we may repose at night in some village of the valley.'

"*Solyman and Almena.*"

THEODOSIUS AND CONSTANTIA.

Constantia was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who, having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodosius was the youngest son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and, by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression on her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that, in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents; the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his posessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbade him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some fa-

vourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched on as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, who was over-awed by the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing to so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, wrote the following letter to Constantia.

'The thought of my Constantia, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The streams, the fields, and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; life itself is become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as

THEODOSIUS!'

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers that came to her father's house, one after another, to enquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who, it seems, had left his chamber about midnight and could no where be found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that

could befal him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted. She now accused herself of having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius. In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself on that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a match of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all it's height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction or trouble of mind to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consola-

tion, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius; who, the very morning that the above-mentioned enquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city where now Constantia resided: and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent which is very usual on any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to enquire after Constantia; whom he looked on as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, tho' neither she nor any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius, had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual. As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia kneeling by him opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story, in which he himself had so great a share. 'My behaviour,' said she, 'has, I fear, been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of lov-

ing me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me while he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death! She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper attonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again into tears on hearing that name, to which he had been so long disused, and on receiving this instance of an unparalled fidelity from one who, he thought, had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted; to tell her that her sins were forgiven her; that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended; that she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolution she had taken, and give her suitable

exhortations for her behaviour in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius, having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could, to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering on, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would, from time to time, continue his admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. 'The rules of our respective orders,' said he, 'will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which it is not in the power of the world to give.' Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of Father Francis, that the very next day she entered on her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess, into her own appartment. The abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her noviciate and Father Francis, from whom she now delivered to her the following letter. "As the first fruits of those joys and consolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that Theodosius, whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, it still alive; and that the Father to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that Theodosius whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another will

make us more happy in it's disappointment than it could have done in it's success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, tho' not according to our wishes. Consider your Theodosius still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father FRANCIS."

Constantia saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter: and upon reflecting on the voice, the person, the behaviour, and, above all, the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, 'It is enough,' said she, 'Theodosius is still in being; I shall live with comfort, and die in peace.' The letters which the father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious, to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after Constantia had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others Theodosius. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia; who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. In the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the abbess finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure. 'And now,' said she, 'if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodosius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave: what I ask is, I hope, no violation of it.' She died soon after, and was interred

according to her request. Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription on them to the following purpose.—Here lie the bodies of Father Francis and Sister Constance. *They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.*

"*Spectator*," No. 164.

GRATITUDE EXEMPLIFIED.

I was at Dieppe, going to embark for England, when I was accosted by a female figure, attired with simplicity and grace. With a low curtsy, she enquired, 'Sir, are you an Englishman?' I answered 'Yes.' She then told me, in the eloquence of distress, that she unfortunately was destitute of both friends and money, and begged, in the irresistible language of tears and sighs, that I would pay her passage. I did not hesitate, and handed her into the cabin of the packet. We almost immediately set sail. The wind was fair, but we had not sailed two hours before it became foul. The gale increased, and our captain lowered sail. The passengers were alarmed and in disorder. The object of my bounty only appeared perfectly indifferent to the contention of the elements. A perfect storm ensued. The mast and rigging of the vessel were now gone, and instant destruction seemed inevitable. I asked this interesting object if she was not alarmed at the perilous nature of our situation? She calmly answered, "It is dangerous, but far less so than the situation from which your kindness has relieved me.' This was no time for enquiry,

the master of the vessel was crying out, "Land a head!" The wind blew with violence against the shore, and our rudder was useless from the damage it had sustained. The passengers were sixteen in number; most of them were on their knees. A priest and a French colonel of dragoons were uttering ejaculations, and crossing themselves with great fervency. My companion's countenance did not, even at this awful moment, betray the least symptom of fear. A cheerful resignation and mild serenity illumined every feature. I looked on her with admiration, and while attempting to speak, the vessel dashed violently against a rock, and fell to pieces with a dreadful crash. I heard the shrieks of my fellow-sufferers, but I became insensible to their situation and my own.

When my senses returned, I found myself in a poor cottage, at half a mile from the place where the vessel struck, the lady standing by my side. A transport of pleasure pervaded my soul on finding that she was safe. 'Heavens!' cried I, inarticulately, 'and are you also safe?' A sailor, who had escaped, being present, answered, 'Yes, and you owe your life to her amazing fortitude.' As soon as my strength enabled me, I tendered to her my ardent, my heartfelt thanks; and intreated that she would not leave me. I then begged she would detail some particulars of her life, and by what means she had become the preserver of mine. She replied, 'My life has been eventful and extraordinary; you must excuse me from entering into particulars, at present. I am a West Indian. It is the custom of that country, as well as of most in warm climates, to bathe frequently, and I learned the art of swimming very early. The vessel had no sooner struck on that fatal

rock, by which accident so many have perished, than I found myself in the sea. My presence of mind was perfect; I saw the shore and made towards it; the waves favoured my efforts, and I had the happiness to reach the land. I had scarcely set my feet upon it, ere I saw a man struggling with the waves. It was you! I hesitated not a moment, but plunged again into the sea. After several unsuccessful attempts to reach you, I was fortunate in catching hold of the collar of your coat, and brought you to the shore. You were apparently dead, and I was extremely exhaushed. By the exertions of this seaman you were brought hither; and by the assistance of that humane family your life is restored." She here paused, and I attempted to express my gratitude. The people of the cottage regarded her as a prodigy,—as an angel. I tendered to her my best, my unengaged affections, I tendered to her my hand. 'No, my friend,' said she, 'I am not yet sufficiently known to you. Let me first endeavour to deserve it. At present our obligations to each other are reciprocal. I have returned only that good action which you had previously bestowed on me. I have saved your life, you had saved mine. When you first saw me, I was beset, and in the power of a man whom I never loved; who had personated a friend, but had recently unmasked himself. He had dared to profess designs of which I disapproved. Thus foiled, he had become furious and brutal. I had determined to avoid prostitution; and had fixed on suicide as the means. Had you not generously afforded me a passage, that ocean from which we and this seaman only have escaped would have received me.' By the attention of the cottagers we soon recovered, and were taken up by a vessel

bound to London. Every day has added to the high opinion I had immediately formed of my fair companion. "She is all that the heart wishes or the eye looks for in woman." Her mind is enlightened, liberal, generous, and virtuous; and I find in her a sincere friend and companion, who neither offends nor tires. We are now united by the sacred bonds of mutual affection, and by similarity of disposition, desires, and pursuits; bonds more sacred and permanent than those of altars.

SARAH.

a fragment.

Sarah, with tears streaming down her cheeks, said, 'Can I hope that heaven will hear my complaint when a father turns his ear from it? Can I hope that charity will relieve a child whom it's mother has also forsaken? To what corner of this wide inhospitable world can I turn for succour? The seducer is far off, or thinks not of me; perhaps exults in my undoing. Death, the terror of human kind, is deaf to my petition; and while he lays the happy low, refuses to grant the boon to misery. I ask a grave, and it is denied me. Heaven send me a friend!'—'And a friend it has sent thee,' said an elderly gentleman, who was taking his walk in the fields where this unfortunate was lamenting her fate, and as he raised her from the ground upon which she knelt in despair: 'I have heard thy complaint,' said he, 'and will relieve thee!' He took Sarah to his home, weeping by the way as she told her story. It was a tale of virtue undone by the seductions of love: it was the history of a father, it

was the cruel picture of a mother, who forced an innocent bleeding victim to the altar of prostitution. 'I will see thy father,' said Acasto, 'tell thy disconsolate state to thy mother, and bear thee back to thy paternal roof.' But he saw the father relentless, and told the sad tale to the mother in vain; the door of Sarah's paternal roof was for ever shut against her. 'Mine,' said Acasto shall however be open to thee:—I will give thee the protection thy unnatural parents deny thee; but know, that while they wear their gray hairs in sorrow, thy auburn tresses shall flow round a brow of content, and the effectual contrition of thy wounded spirit, shall establish thy happiness for ever.'

STEPHEN AND FANNY.

Fanny, blooming in her native charms, and just entering into her ninteenth year, happened at a neighbouring wake to catch the attention of Stephen.—Stephen was a lad of a thousand.—The lasses crimsoned if he noticed them, because Stephen was the prince of the set.—Jenny had put on her rose-coloured ribbon to attract him.—Nancy had pinned a bit of lilac in her bosom—and Betty's breast-knot was variegated with colours.—Ah, silly maids! vain were your hopes of conquest.—Fanny had nothing ornamental about her, yet Fanny was the queen of the day. In that retired lane which leads from the wood to farmer Goodwin's close, Stephen faultered out his tale—Fanny reddened—'she was happy in her single state—young men were very apt to deceive, and it was hard to say who was sincere.'—Stephen hung down

his head.—Can any deceive such a girl as thee!—I would tear out my heart if it was capable of such ingratitude.'—Fanny looked on him—Stephen's eye met her's—both hung down their heads. It rained—Fanny began to run—'I shall be wet,'—'you shall not Fanny'—and he was taking off his coat—'indeed, Stephen, I won't have it, you will catch cold without it.'— Ah fortune!—how dost thou sometimes delight to sport with mortals!—whence was it that a sordid jealousy subsisted between the parents of these lovers, because the lord of the manor had flown under the roof of one of them for shelter from a storm—a week aferwards a fresh lease was granted and the rent reduced—and all this happened to the parents of Stephen. Fanny's father and mother laboured under an oppressive rent—because the steward took a liking to Fanny, and Fanny, poor girl! was virtuous. Ten months passed away since Stephen and Fanny first understood each other—in the course of which time they had contrived to meet together as often as possible, and thought their harmless interviews secure from observation—but there are seldom wanting, even in the most remote situations, busy medlers to propagate the tale of scandal.—Fanny's innocence was impeached—the envious little souls of the parish sneered at her—and Stephen was sometimes necessitated to hear a coarse indecent jest at Fanny's expense. The parents of the damsel heard of it, and concerted a scheme to revenge themselves on Stephen:—a recruiting party was at that time in the village—Stephen was a likely fellow for a soldier—the captain was applied to—the youth was marked out.—He had been thrice disappointed of seeing his Fanny according to promise—the old people had

locked her up—he was vexed at his heart—he had a thousand doubts—a thousand fears—he betook himself to the alehouse—he drank to excess—he was beset by the artifices of abandoned wretches—and was inlisted. The news soon spread about the place—Fanny heard, but believed it not. She hoped the tale was a contrivance to deceive her.—Poor maiden! can language describe thy feelings at the moment when thou witnessedst the gaudy emblem triumphant on thy Stephen's hat—when thou sawest him pale, and trembling with confusion before thee? Poor Stephen! how didst thou turn away thy face—and rave—and weep! Fanny had eight shillings—it was all her hoard; but less than a guinea would not ransom her love—Stephen was also poor—his parents were ill-tempered—he was led away.

On the eve of this sad parting, I was indulging myself, as was my custom, with a solitary stroll—I had wandered into an unfrequented path—I paused to contemplate—a voice stole upon my ears—it sounded like distress—I listened,—advancing further, I discovered from whence it came;—under the covert of a low shady tree there sat a female form—her eyes shone with the glistening of falling tears—her head reclined upon her hand—her elbow rested upon her knee—she started at my appearance—I encouraged her to compose herself, and tell me the story of her wrongs.—There is a method of communing with the unfortunate, which takes away every suspicion of idle curiosity—' she thought I looked like a good gentleman, and every good gentleman was a friend to the friendless'—she told her story—told it so pathetically, that I believe (ridicule me, ye unfeeling souls! and welcome) —I believe I dropt a tear at the recital.—

I had some acquaintance with the lieutenant of the party—he was a young officer, but knew himself—I ventured to interpose—(I had promised Fanny to do so)—he smiled at the nature of my business—we drank a bottle of port together—Stephen was liberated. Having interested myself so far successfully, I was encouraged to persevere. The lovers fell at my feet and wept—'God forbid, Fanny,' said Stephen, 'that innocence should *always* want a friend—if there were not some worthy souls in the world, it would not be worth living in—oh sir!—help me, Fanny, to bless the gentleman.' I left them, and went to the old people. Mr. le Fevre, at my request, accompanied me—he was a person they reverenced. 'What is the matter between neighbour Harrow and you?' he enquired. Fanny's mother complained of a partiality—Mr. le Fevre was intimate with the 'squire—he undertook to speak to him—the 'squire himself was a poor man's friend—their wishes were complied with—all cause of animosity was done away. There was a small farm vacant in the neighbourhood—it had been occupied by a young couple, who had just left it for a larger.—'If Fanny and I were married,' said Stephen, 'with God's blessing, I could make that farm turn to account—and,' he said, 'Fanny could manage the dairy.' 'Then give 'em your consent,' said Mr. le Fevre to the old folks—'they love one another sincerely, and I will be bound for their doing well.'—This was decisive—the parents looked on Mr. le Fevre as an oracle—his injunctions were definite—he had only to approve, and every thing was right. The next Sunday fortnight was fixed on to be the happy day.—It arrived, and early in the morning Stephen led his blushing Fanny

to the altar, through a concourse of envious spectators.

They have taken possession of the farm, and seem to live only for each other.—I sometimes step in and contemplate their union with heart-felt satisfaction, for it promises a source of that genuine felicity which can only arise from a happy mutuality of affection, and is therefore seldom to be met with but in those humbler circles where innocence and simplicity prevail.

"*Love Fragments.*"

CONTENTS.

G. Nicholson, Poughkill.

THE
DUTCHESS OF C——.

BY

MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

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THE DUTCHESS OF C——.

I was born at Rome, and am descended from one of the most illustrious houses in Italy. Being the sole heiress of an immense fortune, no pains were spared to give me a suitable education. Brought up by the best of mothers, beloved by a tender father, and by a family of whom I was the only hope, fortune and nature seemed to have favoured me with their choicest gifts. I attained my fifteenth year, without having experienced a single sorrow; without having known the slightest indisposition, or shed any other tears than those of tenderness and joy. I recollected the past with fondness; enjoyed the present with transport; and surveyed the future as equally prosperous and happy. A young lady, the daughter of an intimate friend of my mother, was the companion of my infancy. Her character was irreproachable, and her heart not devoid of sensibility; but she wanted experience, and consequently, could neither counsel nor direct me. Yet, I contracted a violent friendship for this young creature, and my confidence in her was unbounded. I loved and respected my mother; but I did not regard her as my friend, because she had permitted me to confer that endearing title on another: she had even a satisfaction in seeing me form such a dangerous connection. This indiscretion cost me much: it was the chief source of all my misfortunes. My friend married the Marquis of Venuzi, of whom

she had been enamoured above a year. She had communicated her secret to me, and this confidence had but too much raised my imagination, and misled my heart. My friend, two days after the wedding, accompanied the Marquis to his delightful villa, thirty miles from Rome. My mother was of the party, and took me with her. The Marchioness of Venuzi was three years older than I. Her conduct seemed to bespeak a great share of prudence and good sense; and therefore, tho' she was only in her nineteenth year, my mother left us at full liberty to enjoy each other's company alone, at whatever hour we pleased. One evening, after supper, the Marchioness proposed to me a walk in the park. At some distance from the house, we entered a little wilderness, and turning down one of the walks, we saw, very distinctly, a young gentleman sat upon a garden-seat. On perceiving us, he arose; and the great surprise which he expressed, excited the same sensation in us. The moon shone on his face: we were near him; and were equally struck by his graceful figure and noble air. After a moment's silence, as he did not retire, the Marchioness asked him who he was. He answered her with equal respect and politeness; but refused to mention his name, and immediately went away. We returned directly to the house, much surprised at this adventure, which we did not fail to communicate to the Marquis. He smiled; he suffered us to perceive that this young man was not unknown to him; and as I expressed a great desire for some further information concerning him; 'all that I can tell you,' he proceeded, 'is, that this young man is independent, and of an illustrious family. He has for a long time ardently desired to see you;

and, if you consent to it, I will to morrow acquaint you with his name. The next day I renewed my enquiries, but without receiving any satisfactory answer. At night, when my mother had retired to her chamber, I repaired to my friend: we shut ourselves up in her closet, and talked over the adventure of the preceding evening; when on a sudden the door was opened; and I saw the marquis of Venuzi enter, holding in one hand a dark lantern, and with the other introducing the very same young man whom I had such an inclination to know. I was quite motionless with surprise. 'I present to you,' said the Marquis, approaching me, 'my prisoner, whose liberty, I believe,' continued he, 'laughing, it is no longer in my power to restore, since he has been so imprudent as to wish to see you a second time.' At these words I blushed, and felt inexpressible embarrassment. Notwithstanding I was so young, I had some confused idea of the consequences of such an adventure. I was that moment resolved to leave the room, to hasten to my mother, and to confess all to her; but curiosity detained me, and I forgot my duty. The Marquis, assuming a more serious air, informed us, that he was going to intrust us with an important secret. 'I know your discretion,' said he; 'and I am persuaded that you will both justify the confidence you have inspired.' After this preamble, the Marquis made me promise inviolable secrecy; and the young man informed us, that he was called the Count of Belmire; that his father the Marquis of Belmire, was brother to the Duke of C——, one of the richest noblemen in Naples; that the Duke, who was the head of the family, having quarrelled with his brother, had contrived to ruin him at Court,

and had continued to persecute him with such rancour, that he was obliged to leave his country, and settle in France; where he had an affair of honour four years afterwards, which obliged him to seek another retreat; that the Marquis of Venuzi, his intimate friend, being then in France, and about to return to Italy, had prevailed on him to accept of an assylum in this very house where he had been concealed three months; that he himself (the young Count) having heard me frequently mentioned, could not resist the curiosity he had to see me; that after the transient glimpse of me by moon-light, he had been more urgent than ever with the Marquis to procure him an interview on which he set so high a value; and finally that he was the next day to accompany his father to Venice. After having heard this information, I rose, and notwithstanding all the entreaties of the Marquis, to the contrary, immediately retired to my chamber, overwhelmed with sorrow. I durst not reflect on what had just passed. I was afraid to interrogate my heart, or to examine my conduct. I could not conceive how I had been capable of attending, unknown to my mother, and at midnight, to a young man, a stranger, who had presumed to talk to me of love. I perceived clearly, that I ought to distrust the advice of the Marquis of Venuzi, and that even his wife was not in a situation to direct me. I shuddered at the danger before me. A prophetic horror seemed to whisper, that I was going irrecoverably to lose my reputation, my tranquillity, and, in a word, all the happiness which I had hitherto enjoyed. But the Marchioness of Venuzi soon resumed her wonted influence over me. She incessantly talked to me of the Count of Belmire. These

dangerous conversations contributed to pervert my understanding, but could not dissipate my melancholy thoughts. At the expiration of three months we returned to Rome. Towards the end of the winter, there was a variety of entertainments. The Marquis of Venuzi, in particular, gave a masked ball, at which I was present with my mother. About two in the morning, the Marchioness proposed to me, that I should go into her room to change my dress. We left the ball-room, and on crossing a small gallery, but indifferently lighted, I observed that a mask followed us. What was my surprise, when the mask, approaching me, and throwing himself at my feet, was discovered to be the Count of Belmire. Notwithstanding my emotion, and the secret joy I felt at seeing him again, my first idea was to endeavour to escape. But he detained me by my robe, entreating me to grant him a moment's conversation: he conjured the Marchioness to prevail on me to hear him: she united her entreaties to his, and, at last, I had the weakness to consent. The count then told me, that his father's affair was happily accommodated; that he had been for six weeks past at Naples, having had the satisfaction of terminating his difference with the Duke his brother, by a very cordial reconciliation. 'My father,' continued he, 'sets out in a month for France, in order to arrange his private affairs in that kingdom, before he finally settles in his native country. And I, before I accompany him in this journey, was solicitous to know my fate. I am come privately from Naples, solely to learn whether the tender homage which I have presumed to offer, be absolutely rejected. Speak, Madam: if you hate me, I shall bid you an everlasting adieu. Despised

by you, I am undone; and renounce Italy for ever. Speak: your answer will recal me to my country, or sentence me to irrevocable exile.' As the Count pronounced these last words, I could not refrain from tears. This answer was but too well understood: he required no other. A thousand times he assured me of his unceasing love. Certain of my affection, and of returning to Rome in six months; entitled by his rank and expectations to demand my hand, altho' his fortune was not so considerable as mine; every thing seemed to justify his hopes; in which, nevertheless, in spite of myself, my heart could not participate. Two months after this interview, which for ever destroyed all the tranquility of my life, the Duke of C—— came to Rome; and I saw him at a *Conversazione** at the French Ambassador's. When he was introduced to me, I felt a kind of shock, an unaccountable sensation, which, after all, might proceed from the extreme bad terms in which the Marquis of Venuzi had spoken of him; who, in mentioning the Duke's persecution of the Marquis of Belmire, had described him as a character equally vindictive and hypocritical. The Duke of C——, who was then about thirty-six, was perfectly handsome; but one could not help remarking in his eyes and eyebrows, a something gloomy and inauspicious, which struck one more forcibly at first sight, than the nobleness and regularity of his figure. His look was piercing and austere; and when he would endeavour to soften it, he rendered it ambiguous and deceitful. His deportment was in general contemptuous and haughty; and altho', in some respects, he was not deficient in politeness, his manner was equally per-

*An assembly in Italy is thus called.

emptory and imperious. Elated by his birth, his employments, his riches, his interest at court, and his success with the fair, nothing, he thought, was ever to resist his inclinations, or oppose his pleasure. Impetuous, violent, and corrupted by prosperity and pride, he could neither subdue his passions, nor rise superior to resentment. Implacable, through weakness and vanity, be gloried in never forgiving. His enmity was heightened by rancour; and he would sacrifice every thing to the horrid pleasure he experienced in the gratification of revenge. Such was the Duke of C——. I felt an invincible antipathy to him, the first moment I beheld him. Unfortunately for me, I inspired him with very different sentiments. He procured an introduction to my mother; and a fortnight after, my father declared to me, that the Duke had demanded me in marriage, and that I must prepare for the ceremony in a month. My father added, 'I have given my word, without waiting for your consent; for I took it for granted, that you would accept with pleasure the greatest match in Italy, a man who adores you, and whose person is exceedingly agreeable.' I received this declaration (which appeared to me like a sentence of death) without being able to utter a single word. My father loved me; but he was absolute. Besides, what could I say? Had I even the consolation of applying to my mother, with what face could I avow my error, and confess that I had disposed of my heart without her approbation? It was then I perceived, in it's full extent, the fatal imprudence of my conduct; and that the greatest misfortune which can befal a young woman, is not to regard a mother as her true friend and confidant. Deprived thus of the sweet resource of

uttering my complaints to some soothing friend, I concealed my sufferings and grief within my own breast, and carefully avoided the Marchioness of Venuzi, whose dangerous advice I dreaded. Obedience alone, I thought, could expiate my error. I submitted to my fate, and sacrificed my happiness to the deference which I paid to the command of my parents. I married the Duke of C——, and set out almost immediately with him for Naples. When we arrived in that city and entered the palace where I was to spend my life, I experienced sensations of grief too poignant to be expressed. The Duke, who attributed my melancholy to my affection for my parents, endeavoured to divert my attention, by the protestation of a passion which it was not in my power to return. I appeared at court; and soon perceived that the Duke was extremely jealous. This circumstance, however, gave me little concern. I would gladly have retired from every scene of fashionable dissipation: but the vanity of the Duke, notwithstanding my apparent aversion to gaiety, and his own disposition to jealousy, was too predominant to permit it. When I had been married about seven months, I learned that the Marquis of Belmire had died in France; that by his will he had appointed the Duke guardian of his son, and that the latter, on his return to Italy, had been taken ill at Turin. A fortnight after, the Duke entered my apartment, and informed me, that he had just received a letter from his nephew, whose health was happily re-established. 'He will not come to Naples,' added the Duke; 'but he has written to you, to entreat you to prevail on me, to grant him permission to make a tour for two years. Here is the letter.' He then gave me

the letter with the seal broken. I took it, trembling, and, in a faltering voice, read aloud what follows:

'Madam,

'Altho' I have not the happiness of being known by you, I persuade myself that I am too unfortunate not to hope to inspire you with some sentiments of compassion. I have lost the tenderest and best of fathers. Grief and despair had almost brought me to the grave: the cruel tenderness of my friends has recalled me to life. But to what an existence am I restored! I have lost all which could endear it to me! Forgive me, Madam, for troubling you with sorrows in which you are not interested, but with which my heart is overwhelmed. Oh! condescend at least to pity and excuse me! My father, by his last will, has placed me under an entire subjection to my uncle; but I cannot obey the order to return to Naples. That city is now become hateful to me. It was there he lived so many years. Every thing there will recal the most distracting ideas. No, I can never go thither! I am certain, Madam, that you can imagine how very strong, how natural this reluctance is; and that you will have the goodness to engage my uncle to revoke an order which it is not in my power to obey. Obtain for me, Madam, the permission to travel, to fly, to banish myself from Naples; in a word, to carry far from Italy that anguish and those sorrows, which I shall retain to the latest moment of my life. I am, with respect, &c. The Count of Belmire."

I can communicate no idea of the grief and terror which I experienced in reading this letter. I was apprehensive that it would be impossible for the Duke not to understand the double meaning it conveyed. Of all men he was the most mistrustful and suspicious.

Nevertheless, as he did not know that his nephew had been at Rome, and was persuaded that I never could have seen him, he had not the most distant suspicion of the truth. For my part, being unable to keep within my breast the distracting sentiments by which I was agitated, I was so imprudent as to write a letter the next day to the Marchioness of Venuzi, complaining of my cruel fate, and deploring the fatal passion which I could not conquer. The Marchioness, in her answer, questioned me concerning the Duke's behaviour, I was explicit in my reply: I did not scruple to declare, that every day I discovered such faults and vices in the Duke, together with such a ferocity of character, as but too well justified the antipathy I had conceived for him. Thus, by the reiterated imprudence of my conduct, I actually completed the digging of that abyss, which was already half open under my feet. About this time I again enjoyed the happiness of seeing my father and mother: I was near my time of parturition: they came to Naples to be with me: I was delivered of a daughter: I asked, and obtained permission to suckle her. This delightful employment, while it lasted, suspended all my sorrows, and made me insensible to the ill treatment of the Duke, who, for a long time, had ceased to put any restraint on his conduct, and had permitted me to behold all the violence and impetuosity of his character. The day after I had weaned my child, he came to me, and said, that we must immediately set out to a seat which he had, thirty-six miles from Naples. My daughter was with me: I took her in my arms and followed the Duke without uttering a word. We entered the carriage; I held my daughter upon my lap; I caressed her. The Duke

was silent, and seemed, during the whole journey, to be absorbed in thought. When we arrived at the castle, we passed over a drawbridge: I shuddered at the rattling of the chains; and, at that instant, by a kind of involuntary impulse, I looked at the Duke.—'What ails you,' said he: 'the antique appearance of this castle seems to surprise you? What, do you think you are entering a prison?' He uttered these words with a forced and malicious smile; and I could perceive in his eyes the expression of a cruel pleasure, which caused me nearly to sink with horror. Wishing, however, to conceal it, I reclined my head upon my daughter's: I could not refrain from tears. Feeling them trickle upon her face, she began to cry; her cries pierced my very soul; I pressed her to my heart with sensations of undescribable tenderness; and wept and sobbed. In this situation I alighted from the carriage: the Duke almost tearing my child from my arms, gave her to one of his servants, and, seizing one of my hands, he led, or rather, dragged me, towards the castle. He then made me ascend a stair-case, which terminated in a long gallery. The evening came on: the gallery which we were crossing was very spacious and gloomy. The Duke, at first, walked extremely quick: then, stopping suddenly, 'You tremble,' said he, 'whence can proceed this terror? Are you not with a husband whom you love, and whose duty it is to protect you?' Oh, heavens!' I exclaimed, 'what means that gloomy and distracted look, that terrible tone of voice?' 'Come, come,' he resumed, 'we are going to finish the explanation.' At these words, almost carrying me in his arms (for I could neither follow him nor walk), he dragged me out of the gallery in-

to a large bed-chamber. I flung myself into a chair, and gave a free passage to my tears. He left the room, but soon returned with a candle, which he set upon a table opposite to me, seating himself by it. I durst not look at him: scarcely breathing, sinking with terror, my eyes cast down, I waited, trembling, for his breaking silence. My memory instantly pictured all the errors of my conduct: I had a confused apprehension that the fatal secret of my heart had been divined: that heart, which had cherished a guilty passion, palpitated with terror, and trembled before an irritated judge. Oh! with what resolution would innocence have inspired me! But I was depressed by consciousness; and I had not the fortitude to support the dreadful forebodings which that consciousness excited. At last the Duke spoke: 'You have sufficiently enjoyed the secret reproaches of your conscience: it is now time to overwhelm you with confusion. Read these letters; I have copied them myself.' He then gave me a packet of papers, and seeing that I hesitated in taking them, he took a sheet and read it aloud. From the first words, I knew it was one of the letters which I had written to the Marchioness of Venuzi, in which I had mentioned, without reserve, not only the fatal sentiments of my heart, but my unconquerable aversion to the Duke!' 'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'I am undone!' 'Perfidious woman,' replied the Duke, 'I have not then had the happiness to please you! I selected you; I preferred you to all other women; I adored you, and you hated me. You fancied yourself unhappy: I inspire you with *an unconquerable aversion!* Well then I will justify your hatred: I will give you sufficient reason to detest me. Betrayed, dishonoured by you,

do you think I can suffer such outrages with impunity?' 'Hold!' interrupted I, 'you may accuse and punish, without aspersing me. I am guilty, indeed, in some degree; but if I have not been able to subdue an unhappy passion, at least your honour and mine are yet unsullied: and I have only to reproach myself with the imprudent confession which friendship extorted from me.' Perjured woman!' returned the Duke, in a rage, 'hear your condemnation.' Then taking up another of the letters, he read the following passage: 'That object, alas! which nothing can eradicate from my heart, is as much to be pitied as myself. Does he not know to what excess he is beloved? Does he not know how severely I reproach myself for a confession, which now renders me so guilty and so wretched?' I recollected but too well this passage in one of my letters. I also perfectly remembered, that I had not only forborne to name the Count of Belmire in any of them, but that I had even spoken of him in such an indirect manner, that it was impossible to know from these letters, at what period the attachment I confessed first took it's rise; and the Duke, who had been violently jealous, at the time of our marriage, of two persons at the court of Naples, who had given proofs of particular attention to me, had not the least doubt that one of these was the object of my passion. This supposition left him room to hesitate about my guilt; for, after the passage he had just read, it appeared unquestionable, that I had avowed my sentiments since my marriage. The only method, therefore, which I could take to justify myself, was to declare that when I gave him my hand, I had no longer a heart to dispose of. But I well knew what a despicable

opinion he had conceived of my sex, and how very much disposed he was to entertain the most odious suspicions. Sensible of this, the welfare of my daughter would not permit me to be more explicit. I did not leave Rome till six weeks after my marriage: and had the Duke understood that I had conceived an affection for another, before I became acquainted with him, it is very probable that he would have harboured the most injurious doubts respecting the birth of my daughter. Besides this confession might have led to a discovery of the whole truth. He might have soon recollected a thousand circumstances to ascertain it; the letter which I had received from his nephew, my emotions in reading it, my blushes every time he mentioned his name to me; he might at last have discovered the connection between the Marquis of Venuzi, and the Count of Belmire's father; in a word, if I had destroyed that prepossession which centered all his suspicions at Naples, I should have risked a secret, which it would be impossible to betray, without exposing the object of my affection to all the fury of his resentment. And this was the more to be dreaded, as the Count of Belmire, who was only nineteen, was absolutely dependent on the Duke, who was his uncle and guardian. All these reflections rose at once to my imagination, and involved me in unspeakable embarrassment. Thus, not daring to justify myself, what answer could I give? The Duke interpreted my silence as the tacit confession, which demonstrated his own dishonour and my disgrace. His passion then knew no bounds. He rose; and with burning face, and eyes sparkling with fury, 'You have nothing then,' said he, 'to alledge in your defence?' A-

las!' answered I, 'are you in a situation to hear me? I am innocent: I invoke Heaven to witness it.' 'You innocent!' interrupted he, 'dare you persist in it? Have you not written with your own hand that your lover knows *to what excess he is beloved?*' 'And yet,' replied I, bursting into tears, 'I am innocent. Heaven knows that I am.' 'Oh, thou monster of deceit!' exclaimed the Duke, 'tremble at the vengeance which is ready to overwhelm thee.' At these words, uttered in a menacing and dreadful tone, I thought I heard the inevitable sentence of destruction: I threw myself upon my knees, and lifting up my hands to heaven: 'O God,' I cried, 'God, my only refuge, protect me!' 'Rise,' said the Duke, in a milder voice, 'sit down and attend to me.' I obeyed; looking at him with a timid and suppliant air. He was for some moments silent: then fetching a deep sigh, 'You ought to be sensible,' said he, 'to what a degree I am offended; you, who accuse me of being passionate and vindictive; you, ungrateful woman! to whom I have hitherto given only proofs of love; you, who have such just reason now to dread the effects of my vengeance. Nevertheless it is yet possible for me to forgive you. But your sincerity only can disarm my anger: remember, that, henceforth, the slightest concealment will irrecoverably ruin you. I can be content with one victim; but one I am determined to have. Name instantly the vile seducer, who has thus made you violate the most sacred vows, the most sacred duties.' 'No,' interrupted I, 'no, I have broken no vows, I have violated no duties.' 'I will know,' replied the Duke, raising his voice, 'I will know the name of your lover. I command you to tell me.' At this moment I antici-

pated all the horror of my fate; but with the sense of my danger, I received an accession of courage; and preferring death itself to the base action he proposed, 'If,' replied I, 'you must have a victim, sacrifice her whom you have in your power. Let the whole weight of your vengeance fall on me; for the name you demand you shall never know.' Astonished and confounded, at this unexpected intrepidity, the Duke sat for some time motionless. He could find no words expressive of his rage. At last it burst out: 'Wretch!' said he, 'I shall never know it! Ah! I perceive that you have no idea to what excesses I can proceed: you do not yet know me.' 'I expect every thing, and, miserable as I am, I can bid defiance to death.' 'Death! cease thus to flatter thyself. No; I have not destined such consolation for thee. For a year past, I have been fostering my hatred and revenge in the bosom of my soul; I have been meditating the punishment of thy infidelity; and dost thou think that the vengeance of a moment can satisfy me? No, thou shalt not die. Thy tomb, indeed, is prepared; but thou must descend into it alive; nor shalt thou find there that death which thou desirest.' These dreadful words chilled my blood; my eyes closed; and I sunk senseless upon the floor. When I recovered, I found myself in the arms of my women. I enquired eagerly for one of them, who had ever evinced the tenderest affection for me, and who was the only one who had accompanied me from Rome. They informed me that she was left behind at Naples. It was then evident that the Duke had expressly ordered her not to attend me; as, without doubt, he was apprehensive of a witness who would be so vigilant and troublesome, perhaps, as to coun-

teract his views. This circumstance heightened my terror beyond conception. I passed the night encircled by my women; under a sensible constraint in their presence, yet dreading to be alone; neither daring to complain before them, nor to send them away; and internally suffering all the pangs which recollection and regret, which terror and the expectation of some dreadful catastrophe, could excite. About six in the morning, I desired them to lead me to my daughter's chamber. She was still asleep: I dismissed my women, and sat down by her cradle. The sight of her, far from mitigating, did but augment my sorrows. Alas, dear child,' said I, 'thou sleepest in peace! What sweet repose dost thou enjoy! Thou canst neither imagine, nor partake with thy wretched mother, the sorrows which distract her. I see thee, perhaps, for the last time. Receive, O receive my tenderest blessings. Gracious God,' continued I, falling upon my knees, 'I submit to my dreadful fate; but let my daughter, my dear daughter, be happy. May she live in innocence and peace. If they have the inhumanity to tear her from me, be thou, O God! her father and protector!' My tears and sobbings now increased, and deprived me of utterance. At this instant the door flew open, and the Duke appeared. I shuddered at his aspect; my tears ceased to flow; I rose; but being unable to support myself, I sunk upon a sofa. 'Well,' said the Duke, 'has reflection taught you to be more reasonable? Are you sensible of all the consequences you hazard by resistance to my will?' A deep sigh was my only answer. That name which I have demanded,' continued the Duke, 'are you still determined that I shall never know?' I lifted up my eyes to Heav-

en; I persisted in my silence. 'I insist on a positive answer,' said he; 'will you name him or not?' 'I cannot,' answered I. 'Ah!' cried the Duke, 'thou hast pronounced thy own sentence! Look at that child, and take leave of her for ever.' 'No,' interrupted I, 'you cannot be so barbarous as to tear her from me. Oh, leave me my child! Let me see her at least sometimes, and I will endure, without murmuring, whatever your hatred can inflict. Alas! my lord, is your heart then quite inaccesible to pity? Oh! if it be true, whatever be the sufferings you have prepared for me, *you* will be much more an object of compassion than myself. But I cannot believe it. No, you will not rob me of my child for ever!' That moment my daughter awaked: she opened her eyes, and smiling upon her father, lifted up her little hands, almost clasped, towards him. 'Alas!' said I, 'she seems to plead for me. Oh, my child! my dear child! why canst thou not speak? for then thou wouldst soften thy father?' I was then going to take her in my arms; but the Duke seized her: 'Leave her,' said he, 'she is no longer your's.' 'Oh,' cried I, 'take, take my life, or restore to me my child!' I threw myself at his feet; I bathed them with my tears; I embraced his knees. The barbarian, unmoved, seemed to enjoy my humiliation: he contemplated me for a moment in this situation; then, spurning me from him in rage, he retreated some steps towards the door. I followed him, still upon my knees, crying, 'my daughter, oh! my daughter!'—The child, terrified, uttered a plaintive cry, stretching out her little arms towards me. She seemed to bid me a last mournful adieu. Alas! at that instant I lost sight of her: the Duke rushed fu-

riously out of the room, and left me in agonies of despair. He returned a moment after, and made me go into my own apartment. Then composing his countenance, ' You think,' said he, ' that I have an obdurate heart; and yet'——He stopped, cast his eyes upon the ground; those eyes, whose wild and ill-boding looks might have discovered his vile deceit. I was in his power; but I suspected not his dreadful views; I could perceive no advantage which he could derive from dissimulation: I was but eighteen: I thought that, at last, he had began to reproach himself with excess of cruelty, and that, at least, he would mitigate the punishment on which he had meditated. A ray of hope somewhat revived my soul; I again talked to him of my daughter; the Duke heard me with a gloomy air, but not expressive of displeasure: he even affected to be then susceptible of a tenderness and compassion which he was desirous to conceal. He gave me to understand, that his affection for me had alone impelled him to such violent measures; and that if I would take care of my health, I might see my daughter again. So dear a hope made me forget all my sufferings. Seeing the Duke less cruel, I began to conceive myself more guilty. After the letters which he had read, I thought it natural that he should suspect me of absolute infidelity; and his hatred was an obvious consequence. I excused the violence of his conduct; I was deeply impressed by that compassion which he had affected for my sufferings; and, while the most sincere repentance suffused my eyes with tears, the cruel author of my woes was secretly exulting in the success of his black artifices, and was preparing every thing for my destruction. A fever, occasioned

by the violent agitations I had undergone, obliged me to go to bed. The Duke then appeared to feel the utmost anxiety: he dispatched an express to Naples for two physicians: he never quitted my bed-side: he affected the greatest tenderness for me before my women: when we were alone, he said every thing to persuade me that his affection was much stronger than his resentment: and he positively assured me, that as soon as my fever had left me, I should see my child again. At this promise I forgot all the sufferings he had caused me to endure: I snatched one of his hands, and pressed it between mine; and I bedewed with tears of gratitude that barbarous hand, which in a few hours was to drag me from my chamber, and to plunge me in a dreadful dungeon. The physicians assured him that my illness was not dangerous: and their practice at Naples being urgent, they set out in two days. The very morning of their departure, the anxiety which the Duke expressed for me seemed to be greater than ever: and altho' I had no longer any fever, he obliged me to keep my bed. As he had made all my women sit up with me the three preceding nights, they were overcome by fatigue, and he now dismissed them to take repose for the whole day; declaring that he would nurse me himself, with one of his valets, and an old woman, the keeper of the castle. The choice of these two witnesses was not the result of accident. He selected them in preference to any of his other servants, because he knew them each to be equally credulous and ignorant. The curtains of my bed were drawn, and I thought that my women were still attending me, when, at noon, I perceived that no one was in my chamber but the two persons I have just mentioned.

I expressed my surprise at this. The Duke came to my bedside, assuring me that I should not be worse attended on that account, and that he would not leave me. 'Oh, why, why?' I exclaimed, with great emotion: 'I am no longer ill?' To this question he gave me no other answer, than begging me not to talk, and to endeavour to compose myself. He than sat down by my bedside. I felt a secret uneasiness without knowing why; and my eyes were suffused with tears. He now appeared very much disturbed and agitated; and I observed a very extraordinary alteration in his countenance. About three in the afternoon, he desired to see my arm: I presented it, trembling; he felt my pulse; on a sudden he started up; he ran to my two new attendants; he told the valet aloud to go that instant to the stables, and send an express to Naples for a physician; and the old woman he dispatched in all haste for the chaplain. When he had given these orders, he exclaimed with a voice of grief and consternation, 'She is dying, she is dying!' Imagine, if possible, the excess of my astonishment and terror! My first idea was to get up, and endeavour to escape; but I sunk down again upon my bed without strength, with a palpitation of heart which deprived me of respiration, and a terror which chilled me and left me quite motionless. My two attendants, after having each received orders that must take them at least three quarters of an hour to execute, instantly left me and the Duke together. He then came to me, and presenting me a cup: 'Here,' said he, 'take this draught.' At these words my hair stood erect; a cold sweat ran down my face; it was the last moment, I thought, of my life; for I had not a doubt that he was giving me poison. Drink

it,' resumed he. 'Alas!' answered I, 'what is it you are giving me?' 'What you must drink.' 'Leave me then time to implore Infinite Mercy!' 'Dare you suspect me? Do you accuse me of a crime?' 'Alas! I accuse my own imprudence and my hard fate. Oh, my God!' I continued, clasping my hands, 'forgive me, forgive my persecutor; comfort my father and mother; protect my child!' After this short prayer I felt all my courage revive. I hoped even that my resignation would render me worthy to appear before God. I looked at the Duke with a steady eye. He was pale, trembling, and disconcerted. He spoke some words scarcely articulate, and then raising my head with one hand, with the other he applied the cup to my lips. I no longer hesitated: without the least resistance, I drank all the liquor he gave me; and believing that I had now received my death, I sunk down upon my pillow. Some moments after, my eyes grew heavy, and closed; a total stupefaction deprived me of my speech and of my senses, and I fell into a deep lethargy. In about half an hour, the valet and old woman returned. The Duke, with his hair in disorder, and his face bathed in tears, ran to meet them, and told them I had just expired. He brought them again into my chamber, in order, he added, to have a confirmation of his misfortune, or to assist me if I had yet any remains of life. He approached my bed; and having had the precaution to draw my curtains close, and make the room extremely dark, he pretended to give me all imaginable assistance. At last he appeared to abandon himself to the most violent grief. The chaplain arrived: he ordered him to read the prayers for the dead. In the mean time, my

women, who had just awaked, and all the servants, came crouding into my room. The Duke was upon his knees by my bedside: my two attendants related to their fellow-servants the endeavours that had been used to recover me. After this, the Duke half-opened my curtains for a moment: they saw me pale and lifeless, and not one had any doubt of my death. The Duke made every body retire into the next room, except the chaplain, a venerable man of eighty, who remained with him, and continued the prayers for the dead till midnight. He then ordered all his servants to retire to rest. He declared that I should not be interred till the next evening, and that not being able to tear himself from me, he should stay there the remainder of the night. He shut all the doors of my apartment. He ordered the chaplain, and my two attendants, to wait his orders in an antichamber, which was separated from my apartment by three large rooms. He told them that he should not leave me till seven in the morning, and that he chose to remain alone with me, that he might not be disturbed in his grief and in his prayers. The whole family exhausted by fatigue, eagerly accepted the permission to retire, and by four o'clock in the morning, every one was asleep. Then, by degrees, recovering from my lethargy, I awoke. On opening my eyes, and looking around me, I perceived the Duke standing by my bedside. I started at the sight of him; altho' I had not any remembrance of what had passed. But afterward, looking steadily at him, I had a confused recollection that he was exasperated against me. I felt an emotion of terror; I turned my head away; and being desirous of composing myself, that I might recollect some ideas of what had

happened, a thousand vague and fantastic forms rose in my imagination, and I sunk into a stupid reverie, which was followed by a kind of drowsiness. The Duke then gave me a smelling bottle, and made me take some drops of a liquor, which entirely revived me. I rose up; I looked around with astonishment. My ideas growing clearer by degrees, I recollected, that I had thought I was taking poison, and I almost questioned my existence. 'Oh!' I exclaimed at last, 'by what miracle am I restored to life?' 'You have experienced only an imaginary terror,' said the Duke; 'compose yourself, and banish these injurious apprehensions.' I durst not answer: I half drew my curtains: I looked round the room, and seeing that I was alone with the Duke, my terrors, the more sensibly increased, as I had now entirely recovered my senses. Why then said, I, 'do you watch me alone?' 'You shall know it presently,' said he, 'now get up.' At these words he brought me a gown; he assisted me to put it on; and, supporting me in his arms, he led, or rather carried me to a great chair. As he saw me still weak and trembling, he made me take some more of the drops which he had just given me; and after a moment's silence, 'I will now,' said he, 'conceal nothing from you. The draught you took yesterday was a sleeping potion.' 'For what?' 'Hear me without interruption. You have betrayed and dishonoured me: I have offered you your pardon, and you have refused it. Convicted of infidelity, you still cherish in your heart a guilty passion. Neither my anger nor my threats have been able to persuade you to declare to me the name of your lover. You thought, perhaps, that my regard for your family would prevent me from

taking your child from you, and depriving you of liberty. You thought, no doubt (for there is not a crime of which your hatred will not think me capable), you thought that the only method I could adopt to avenge myself, was secretly to attempt your life, and your *invincible aversion* for me could easily determine you to die. But know, at last, that you shall live, and yet you shall be torn for ever from your parents, your friends, your servants, and the whole world.' 'Oh, Heaven!' I exclaimed; 'and do you think, barbarous man, that an affectionate father, and the best of mothers will not demand me at your hands?' 'They will receive to-morrow,' replied the Duke, 'the false intelligence of your death.' 'Great God! and how will you be able——' I have already announced your death in the castle. During your profound sleep, all my people beheld you, as they imagined, dead.' 'Alas!' interrupted I, 'I exist no longer then but for you! I see all the horrors of my fate!' 'You do not yet know all,' said the Duke; 'learn that I have under this castle some vast caverns, unknown to all the world, and to which the light never comes.' 'Oh! God! I am undone then! I am lost for ever!' 'No,' resumed the Duke, 'your fate is still in your own power. I can instantly go and awake your people, and declare that you were only in a lethargy. I have not yet sent my letter to your father. I can yet restore you to the world and forgive you. I only exact a word, a single word from you. I must have a victim; I have already declared it. Name your lover, and you shall resume your rights: I will restore you to the world, to life!' 'What is it you propose to me? To deliver up to your resentment an object, who, I repeat it, has never

injured you? Oh! I should be unworthy to live if I could have the baseness to consent to it!' 'Think well of it,' said the Duke, darting at me a furious look, 'yet another refusal, and I will drag you to that dark abode, from which nothing can release you. To-morrow your father and your mother will be either deploring your death, or rejoicing in your recovery. To-morrow, you will once more behold your daughter and the day, or you will be for ever deprived of light, and groaning at the bottom of a horrid dungeon. In a word, to-morrow we shall see you in this castle, enjoying perfect health, or we shall be attending the solemnities of your funeral. Reflect seriously on it. This moment past, not a hope of pardon is left. In vain would you implore it by repentance; I shall no longer have it in my power to grant it.' At this urgent and dreadful speech I rose in the utmost consternation. I turned with terror towards the door, and giving a lamentable shriek, 'Ah, me!' said I, 'am I then abandoned by all the world? Oh, my daughter! I am to live, and I am never to see thee more! My father, my mother! to-morrow you will deplore my death. My child! oh, let me once more see my child!' 'Speak but one word,' answered the Duke, 'and in a quarter of an hour your child shall be in your arms.' At these words I felt my heart rending; I remained silent for a moment. The Count of Belmire, it occured to me, was absent; he was not to return for a year; in that time it might be easy for me to inform him of his danger; and, besides, an ingenuous confession would demonstrate my innocence. But, on a sudden, recollecting the cruelty of my persecutor, I as hastily rejected this groundless tempta-

tion. 'Who,' thought I, 'will assure me, that this confession will restore my child and my liberty? Ought I not rather to fear that the Duke, certain of my aversion, will never abandon the vengeance he has meditated, or, at least, that he will be content only to mitigate it's inhuman rigour? And, in this doubt, can I be tempted to abandon to his rage the object I have loved?' All these reflections occured to me with extreme rapidity. The Duke imagined I was hesitating: he repeated his urgency. 'The day,' he added, 'will soon appear. It is time to determine. I am now going to awake the family, and inform them that you are living, or to take you instantly to your tomb. Speak: will you name the author of your misfortunes and of mine?' At this question I lifted up my eyes to Heaven, and summoning to my aid all my resolution, I answered, 'I *cannot*.' 'Wretch!' said the Duke, 'what is it you say?' 'No,' I resumed, 'abandon that hope: I will *never* name him.' 'Perfidious woman!' exclaimed the Duke, 'thou preferrest then thy lover to thy child, to liberty, to life, to the whole world! Tremble, tremble at thy fate! The moment of vengeance is at last arrived. As he finished these words, he was going to seize my arm. Penetrated with fear and horror, I escaped from him. I ran to the other end of the chamber, and, flinging my arms round one of the bedposts, I kept fast hold of it. In making this effort, my night-cap came off, and my hair fell upon my shoulders. The Duke, who was coming to me, stopped: he appeared surprised, and evidently struck; he gazed on me silently a moment; then forcing me from the bedpost, he brought me opposite a looking-glass: 'Unhappy woman,' said he, 'contemplate for

the last time, that beauty, which the most horrid darkness will soon conceal for ever. Lift up thy eyes: look at thyself! Be not more inhuman than I am. Think of thy youthful charms! Think, with pity, on the fate that awaits thee! It is yet in thy power to change it.' I could not then refrain from casting an apprehensive and languid look at the glass. I presently closed my eyes and felt some tears trickle down my cheeks. 'Well!' resumed the Duke, 'is your resolution yet unshaken?' 'Oh!' answered I, 'have you indeed sincerely offered me a sight of my child?' Scarcely had I uttered these words, when the Duke, in a transport of rage, caught me in his arms, and carried me out of the room. I made no resistence: in the excess of terror I was motionless and silent. After having crossed two or three rooms, he made me descend by a private stair-case, and I found myself in a spacious court, at the end of which was a door which the Duke opened. We went out, and I observed that we were in a garden. At this instant, the Duke perceiving day appear, 'This morning,' said he, 'is the last which thy eyes will ever behold!' I threw myself upon my knees, and raising my head to heaven: 'O God!' I cried, 'God who knowest my innocence, wilt thou suffer me to be interred alive, and deprived for ever of the light of heaven?' At these words, the Duke dragged me about twenty paces, to a rock, and putting a key behind a large stone, a trap-door sprung open. I trembled. The Duke stopped: 'This moment,' said he, 'is still left: this is your tomb: it is yet but half open. Repent at last: convince me of your remorse by an ingenuous confession, and I am ready to pardon you. You imagine, perhaps, that in the moment of

completely gratifying my just resentment, I may dread the consequences to myself. But I have long meditated my plan; I have been attentive to every circumstance; and nothing can deter me.' He then gave me a dreadful account of all the precautions he had taken. He told me, that he had caused a pale and livid figure of wax to be made, which he should place in my bed; and that, under pretence of discharging an act of piety, he would bury it himself, with the assistance of the old woman, who would be a witness of the interment, without his being obliged to place any confidence in her. 'Once more,' added he, 'will you accept the pardon which I still deign to offer you, for the last time? Speak: sacrifice your lover to my resentment: tell me his name; or for ever renounce your liberty, the world, and the light of day.' At these words, I extended my arms toward the rising sun, as if to bid an everlasting adieu. The bright and majestic clouds, with which the sky was skirted, formed a most glorious sight; the momentary contemplation of which exalted my soul, and endued me with unexpected courage. I looked with contempt upon the earth, and turning to the Duke, 'Take,' said I, with an undaunted voice, 'take your victim!' At this instant he dragged me: my heart panted with violence. I turned my head to behold yet once more the light which I was going to abandon for ever. We descended into a gloomy cavern, my trembling legs unable to support me. I was now dreadfully convulsed: I struggled in the arms of my cruel persecutor, and fell at his feet without sense or motion. I know not how long I remained in this condition. I revived, alas! only to abhor such a shocking existence. How shall I describe

the extreme horror of my soul, when, on opening my eyes, I found myself alone in vast dungeons, encircled by impenetrable darkness, and lying upon straw mats? I screamed out; and the echo repeating the dreadful sound from the inmost recesses of the cavern it made me startle, and redoubled the terror which oppressed me. 'Oh, God!' I cried, 'is this then the only voice which will answer me, the only sound I am henceforth to hear?' At this idea I wept profusely. While I was thus indulging the violence of my grief, I heard the door of my dungeon open; and the Duke presently appeared with a lantern in his hand. He placed by my side a pitcher of water, and some bread. 'Here,' said he, 'is your food: for the future you will find it every day in the turning-box* opposite to you: I shall bring and put it there myself; and shall never more enter this frightful dungeon.' At these words, I looked around me: I saw a spacious cavern, the extent of which my eye could not reach. The part I occupied was hung with coarse straw mats, to keep it from the cold and damp: for the barbarian who had plunged me into this horrid abode, had taken all the precautions in his power to prolong my life in it. After having observed, trembling, the dismal scene around me, I turned again to my inhuman goaler, and at last a hatred so merited, and which could no longer be concealed,

**Le Tour*, the turning-box, is a kind of machine used in nunneries; being a round press or cupboard, made to turn upon a pivot, and fixed in the wall. When the open part is turned to the exterior of the wall, it receives for the nuns whatever necessaries they have occasion for; and when turned to the interior part, it likewise receives from them whatever they wish to have conveyed without; and, in either case, without their being seen. In the conclave of the cardinals at Rome, they employ a similar machine. By this method the unfortunate Dutchess of C—— regularly received, in the sequel, not only food, but a supply of linen and clothes, whenever they became indispensably necessary.

burst forth at once. I reproached him with the excess of his barbarity, and expressed, without reserve, all the detestation with which he had inspired me. He heard me for some time with concentred rage; then, no longer able to contain himself, he flew into a most violent passion, and precipitately left me. From that day, whenever he came to bring me food, he constantly knocked at the turning-box till I answered him, and then went away without uttering a word. I soon repented of having thus, by my reproaches, increased still more, if possible, his hatred and resentment. I recollected that he was the father of my child, and that that dear child was in his power. Besides, notwithstanding the horror of my situation, hope was not yet entirely extinguished in my bosom. The more I revolved it in my mind, the less probable it appeared, that he really intended to detain me for ever in that dreadful captivity. I even flattered myself that he had not announced my pretended death, either in the castle, or to my family; that he had found out some other method of eluding their enquiries; and that he had still reserved the possibility of making me re-appear whenever he might choose it. How could I imagine that he had imposed on himself the painful necessity of bringing me, every day, the necessaries of life; and be reduced, in consequence, to the wretched slavery of never being absent from this castle more than two or three days; since he was my only goaler, not daring to entrust the secret to a single person? Alas! I did not imagine that hatred, in order to obtain it's gratification, would impose those chains on itself, which the most ardent love could not bear without regret. These reflections persuaded me, that he would one

day put a period to his vengeance; and, full of this idea, every time he knocked at the turning-box, I spoke to him; and altho' he did not answer me, I implored his compassion, and assured him of my innocence. As I was absolutely deprived of light, I cannot tell how many months I preserved this hope; but, at last, I entirely lost it. My reason then forsook me: I accused Providence; I murmured at it's decrees. My dejected soul, harrowed with grief, lost it's fortitude and principles, and I sunk into the most gloomy and desponding melancholy. I had the presumption to imagine, that the excess of my misfortune gave me a right to dispose of my life; as if one were permitted to violate a sacred obligation, whenever it ceased to be agreeable. Determined to die, I was now two days without taking any nourishment, or fetching it from the turning-box. In vain the Duke knocked and called to me! I obstinately forbore to answer him. At last he entered my prison. When he appeared, with the lantern in his hand, notwithstanding all the horror which his presence excited, I felt a secret joy, in again beholding the light: but I did not speak to him. He offered to soften the rigour of my captivity, and to give me a light, some books, and better food, if I would at last tell him the name he had so often demanded. At this proposal I looked disdainfully on him. 'Now,' said I, 'that you have broken all the fatal ties which united us, my heart is free. It now indulges, without remorse, the sentiments which once it vainly endeavoured to subdue. That object, whose name you demand, with no other view than to sacrifice him to your vengeance, is now dearer to me than ever. My last sigh shall be for him. And do you think now

that I will declare him?' 'Then,' resumed the Duke, 'every sentiment of religion is extinguished in your soul. You cherish in your heart an adulterous passion, and you would be guilty of suicide!' 'Barbarian!' interrupted I, 'am I still your wife? Dare you assert it; you who have plunged me into this abyss; you who are even in mourning for me? It is true, I have no longer the fortitude to endure existence; but that God who hears and observes us both, will punish you alone for the despair to which you have reduced me. In such a situation as this, if I commit a crime, you alone will be responsible for it. No living creature can see my tears and lamentations. Do you think that the deepest caverns, the thickest walls, can keep from the Omniscient Being the cries of persecuted and helpless innocence? Tremble: that dread Being observes us both! He compassionates, he will pardon me; but his avenging arm is lifted over you!' The Duke shuddered as I spoke: he gazed at me with an air of wildness. I enjoyed for a moment the satisfaction of striking terror and remorse into a soul equally weak and cruel. Pale, thunderstruck, and agitated, with downcast eyes, for some time he stood in malignant musing and sullen silence. At last he spoke: 'Impute not to me,' said he, 'but to yourself alone, the calamity you lament. You were guilty: I have unquestionable proofs of it: you have not been able to contradict them: and yet I did not punish you, till after I had repeatedly offered you pardon. I again propose to mitigate your punishment, and you refuse it. Yes, were it your pleasure, notwithstanding your infidelity, notwithstanding your aversion to me, you might still be in my palace, you might there see your

child.' 'Oh, my child!' interrupted I, 'alas! is she still alive? What, what has become of her?' 'She is with your mother.' 'She is no longer then in your hands: is it really true?' The Duke then perceiving that this idea revived me, took a letter from my mother out of his pocket, and permitted me to read it. This letter, which I bedewed with my tears, was as follows: 'My granddaughter arrived here yesterday evening. Oh! how shall I describe all the emotions I felt while I folded her to my heart! You give her to me: she is mine. I feel that I already love her to excess. She may be able to attach me to life; but oh! I must still be inconsolable. Alas! how can I enjoy the happiness of being yet a mother, without feeling the most disquieting uneasiness? After the loss I have sustained, is there a felicity on earth on which I can depend? I will come and see you next summer, and bring your daughter with me. We will spend two months with you. Since you cannot tear yourself from the melancholy spot which your grief so much endears to you, I will find resolution enough to come to you. I shall see the magnificent monument, which your love has erected to the memory of an object so worthy of our tears. Perhaps I shall there find the period of all my sufferings! Alas! it is impossible that a mother, without dying, can embrace the tomb of her daughter! And yet, I *will* live. Religion commands it, and nature herself enjoins the sacred law. I will live for the dear child you have the goodness to confide to me. Oh! how shall I ever acknowledge such an obligation, such a sacrifice? How tenderly should you love this child? She has all her mother's features; she has all her charms! My own daughter is thus restored to me

in her infancy! Oh, too flattering an illusion! Unhappy mother, thou hast no longer a daughter! The violence of thy grief cannot deliver thee from life.' I had scarcely finished this letter, when, falling upon my knees, 'O God!' I cried, 'my child is in the arms of my mother! That tender mother consents to live for my child! O God! I praise thee; thou hast wounded only me. I now bow submissive to thy will. Pardon my distracted murmurs: pour down thy blessings on all I love; and prolong my painful existence at thy pleasure.' I now sunk again upon my straw; for I was so weak I could not support myself. The Duke seized that instant to offer me some refreshment, which I very readily took. He then left me, and from that moment I never saw him more. Yet, faithful to the vow which I had made, I now took care of my life. The idea that my prayers and resignation would draw down upon my mother and daughter all the blessings of Heaven; this dear, this consolatory idea, revived and supported me. The recollection of my errors became now my greatest affliction; 'Alas!' said I, 'all my misfortunes are of my own creation. I wanted confidence in my mother: I deviated from my duty when I ceased to consult her. Ungrateful and guilty daughter! Heaven, to punish me, blinded my parents in their choice. The husband they gave me was not formed for my felicity. And yet, but for repeated imprudence in my conduct, the sentiments of nature would at length have made me happy. But far from endeavouring to subdue a guilty passion, I fostered it in secret. I did not even hesitate to describe all it's violence, in the imprudent letters which have been my ruin, and to complain, at the same time, of

the husband I insulted. These reflections made me shed torrents of tears. Nevertheless, I felt something inexpressibly sweet and soothing, in weeping for my faults. I desired, moreover, to represent them to my imagination in the strongest colours. In true contrition and sorrow there is something expiatory and healing. The remorse of guilt harrows up the soul; but in the repentance of involuntary weakness, there is nothing painful nor severe. These virtuous sentiments console us for our faults, and reconcile us to ourselves. Bereaved of all, torn from the world, my heart, formed for love, soon devoted itself wholly to that sublime passion which could alone enable me to think life supportable. Religion taught me to know and to relish all the inexhaustible consolations which it is in her power to offer. She insensibly banished from my soul that unhappy passion, which had been the greatest misfortune of my life. In a word, she inspired what human wisdom and mere philosophy could never give the fortitude to endure, without despairing, and without murmuring, nine years of long captivity, in a dungeon in which light never entered. I will acknowledge, however, that, for the first two or three years, my sufferings were so extreme, that even now the bare recollection of them makes me shudder. That time in which I supposed (from the best calculation it was in my power to make) that my mother and daughter must be arrived in the same castle under which I was a prisoner; this time passed away with me in the most agonizing manner, and forms the most cruel period of my captivity. My heart was rending in this idea that my mother and daughter were near me, while I was incapable of cherishing the hope of ever

seeing them again.—'Oh, my mother!' I cried, 'you are lamenting my death, and I exist. And ah! what a hand have you chosen to wipe away your tears! It is in the bosom of my persecutor, of my assassin, that you shed them! Alas, the tomb to which he leads you is not mine! You will trample it under your feet without knowing it! You will behold, without a tear, the rocks which conceal it! Perhaps, in the silence of the night, unable to taste the sweets of sleep, you will wander about my cavern. Perhaps at this very moment you are sitting upon that horrid trap-door, which for me, alas, will never more be opened! Ah, if so, you are thinking, no doubt, of your wretched daughter; you are still weeping for her; but you cannot hear her plaintive cries, nor her voice which calls to you! These ideas were distracting beyond expression: they often affected my understanding. To these cruel paroxisms of grief, succeeded a kind of stupid insensibility, the image of annihilation, which was more dreadful, perhaps, than despair itself. But in proportion as piety gained the ascendency in my heart, these violent agitations grew weaker. I found in prayer unspeakable consolation. Those awful themes, which most commonly sadden the human mind, were to me the most agreeable subjects of meditation. With what pleasure did I reflect on the shortness of life! With what serenity anticipate the approach of death! 'Is the happiest of human beings,' would I say to myself, 'ever truly satisfied with the frail and fugitive felicity which this world affords? His mind is less intent on the blessings of the present hour than on those which he has still in expectation. Encircled by illusive scenes of happi-

ness, his imagination is eager to wander in futurity. But of what moment is it whether his destiny be happy or miserable; whether his wishes attain to consummation and enjoyment, or terminate in vanity and delusion? Will not new desires spring up in perpetual succession? Does he ever inherit the wisdom of enjoyment or is satisfied with the present? Why then do I so bitterly deplore the blessings which I have lost, since the best of them cannot confer felicity? I am, indeed, to linger out my life in this mournful gloom. My chilled imagination can behold nothing in the future but a long and melancholy night. I will think then only of my resurrection; forget this transitory life, and direct all my thoughts to eternity. I will despise these momentary sufferings, which are to be succeeded by everlasting joys; and henceforth devote all my desires, and hopes, to that Being, who alone is worthy to attach and to occupy the human heart.' These salutary reflections enabled me to rise superior to my fate, and to acquiesce in it with entire resignation. Restored to reason and to myself, I not only experienced an alleviation of my sufferings but I became accustomed to darkness and captivity. I even contrived some employments. My prison was spacious. I walked about great part of the day, or rather night. I made verses, which I repeated aloud. I had a fine voice: I was a perfect mistress of music: I composed some hymns; and one of my greatest pleasures was to sing them, and to listen to the responsive echo. My sleep became peaceful. Agreeable dreams represented to me my father, my mother, and daughter. Those dear objects seemed ever satisfied and happy. Sometimes I was transported into magnificent pal-

aces or beautiful gardens. I again beheld the skies, the trees, the flowers. In fine, these sweet illusions restored to me all the blessings which I had lost. I awoke it is true, with a sigh; but I slept with pleasure. Even when awake, joy was no longer a stranger to my bosom: my imagination was raised into a kind of sweet enthusiasm. In the presence of the Supreme Being, I flattered myself with humble boldness, that my patience and resignation would not render me an unworthy object in his sight. Witness of all my actions, he deigned to hear me, to whisper to my heart, to revive it, to elevate it to himself; and I scarcely felt what solitude was. Deprived of all the objects of my love, the only thing which I still regreted in spite of myself, was the light and prospect of the sky. I could not conceive how any one, even in the most dismal captivity, could give way to despair, if he enjoyed a window which commanded a prospect of the country. At last, I was so habituated to my situation, that so far from desiring death, I more than once was still apprehensive of it. I often wanted food: the Duke sometimes brought me sufficient for three or four days: I imagined that he was then compelled to go a short journey; and when my provision was nearly exhausted, I felt some anxiety: the death of my tyrant would be mine, and that reflection caused me to utter prayers for his safety. I no longer felt an aversion to him. Religion had easily led me to renounce every sentiment of hatred, and this weak effort cost me but little. I had already triumphed over my passion, and I pitied my persecutor: I pictured to myself the dreadful situation of his soul; his distraction, his terrors, his remorse; and found that I was indeed severely avenged. In

the beginning of my captivity, I had never heard him approach without being ready to faint with terror. By degrees, these violent emotions grew weaker. Some sensations, indeed, he always excited, which were not unmingled with horror. Nevertheless, I was desirous that he should come, not only for the preservation of my life, but that he thus broke the deep and frightful silence of my solitude. He made me sensible of motion and sound: in a word, he occasioned a kind of agitation, which, tho' it was never agreeable, was yet become necessary to me. I cannot express how very ardent and singular was my desire to hear some sound. When it thundered very much, I cannot describe what were my sensations then: I imagined that I was less alone. I listened to the awful sound with eagerness and ecstasy: and when it entirely ceased, I sunk into the deepest melancholy and dejection. Such was nearly my situation for six or seven years. During that period nothing ever really much affected me, except the chagrin I felt in being totally ignorant of whatever concerned my mother and daughter. In vain I questioned the Duke through the turning-box, whenever he approached it: I could not obtain one word in answer; for since his last appearance in my dungeon he had never spoken more. All my fortitude was necessary to support this cruel uncertainty, on a subject so interesting to my heart. Often when I invoked Heaven for my mother and daughter, my heart felt a sudden oppression, and my tears flowed apace. 'Alas!' cried I, 'do they still exist? I pray for their happiness, and perhaps I have the dreadful misfortune to survive them.' At other times, I felt so forcibly the animating consolations of hope, that

I did not even feel the slightest anxiety on their account. In those happy moments I flattered myself, that some unexpected event would yet extricate me from my prison. This idea made such an impression on my mind, particularly during the last year of my captivity, that I made a vow to God, that if ever I recovered my liberty, I would consecrate my life to him, in a solitude remote from Rome, and would there spend the remainder of my days, as soon as my daughter should no longer have occasion for my care. In the mean time, I was approaching the most interesting period of my life: I was approaching the happy moment of deliverance; and the Divine goodness was about to recompense me amply for nine years of suffering and grief. For some time, I imagined that the Duke constantly resided in the castle, because he regularly brought me my food. But one day he failed to come at the appointed time; I grew impatient at the delay: I had entirely finished my allowance. I slept, however, with sufficient tranquillity. The next day, I expected in vain the succour which every instant became more necessary. There was no remedy but patience: anxiety, as much as hunger and thirst, deprive me of sleep, and I remained in this situation nearly another day. Then, absolutely exhausted, I had no other prospect than of a speedy dissolution. I contemplated death with tranquillity; yet the remembrance of all that was dear to me would intrude, to embitter my dying thoughts. 'Unhappy daughter, unhappy mother!' I cried, 'in what a forlorn condition am I doomed to expire! My dear parents! must I then die without receiving your last blessing? Oh! my child, I cannot give thee mine: I cannot enjoy the sweet satisfaction

of expiring in thy arms! Thou canst not even regret me! In the dying moments of thy wretched mother thou art enjoying, no doubt, the amusements and pleasures suitable to thy age! Dreadful idea! I am dying, and all who are dear to me have been reconciled to their loss! But what am I saying, inconsiderate that I am? I complain, I murmur, when all my miseries are just going to terminate! Great God, forgive this guilty weakness! which my heart rejects and disavows. Oh! my judge, my father, deign at last to call me to thyself! Full of hope and confidence, certain of immortal bliss, I expect death with security. I would even invoke it, did not resignation teach me to wait thy pleasure.' As I concluded these words, I sunk down, almost lifeless, upon the straw which served me for a bed. I felt a serenity of soul, the sweets of which, till that moment, I had never tasted. Like a salutary balm, it seemed suddenly to heal every wound of my heart. Excessive weakness soon disordered my ideas. I imperceptibly fell into a delicious kind of sleep, during which the most ravishing scenes successively appeared to my imagination. Around my bed, I thought, were encircling angels, and bright celestial forms. I heard afar harmonious voices, and more than mortal sounds. I saw heaven half-opened, and God, upon a resplendent throne, extend his arms, and graciously bid me approach. In reality, he was then watching over me: his paternal hand was going to break my chains. On a sudden I awake, quite startled. I imagine I hear a knocking at the turning-box: I listen: I hear it again: my panting heart——but what surprise! what unutterable ecstasy! I hear a voice; and that voice is no longer my tyrant's—it is new to me. It appears

to me like the voice of an angel descended from heaven to deliver me. Astonished, distracted, I clasp my hands with an emotion of gratitude inexpressibly fervent: 'Oh God!' I cried, 'is it a deliverer whom thou sendest? Ah! I accepted death with joy, and thou restorest me to life!' With these words I endeavour to rise, and hasten to the turning-box: I cannot; my strength forsakes me; I sink again upon my bed. At this moment my door is opened, and I perceive some light. Somebody enters. I rise. I would fain look. I can distinguish nothing: my eyes, so long deprived of light, cannot bear the glimmer of a lamp, and close in spite of me. The object still approaches: 'Who, who are you?' I exclaim with a faultering voice. At these words I again open my eyes, still dazzled by the light: I perceive a person on his knees before me, who, putting his arm under my head, tenderly supports it, and presents me with some food. Then, almost famished with hunger, I have no longer any idea than that of satisfying this imperious appetite: every other thought, is suspended; and I seize with eagerness the offered sustenance. At last, finding my strength revive, I turned all at once towards my deliverer. His face was in the shade: I could not distinguish his features: 'Oh! speak,' said I, 'are you the accomplice of my persecutor, or are you come to deliver?' 'Oh! Heavens!' interrupted the stranger, 'what voice is this! Where am I?'—Then hastily rising, he fetched the light nearer, and looked at me with an earnestness mingled with compassion and horror. I fixed my eyes, for a moment, on his face, now enlightened by the lamp. He was pale and trembling: but it was impossible to mistake him. I wished to speak: my tears almost de-

prived me of utterance: I can only pronounce the name of Belmire! It is he indeed! He fell at my feet: he bedewed them with tears: he looked at me again: he reproached and he praised Heaven. The excess of his compassion gave an air of wildness and grief to what was ecstasy and joy. We each spoke at the same time, without hearing, without answering each other. The cavern echoed with our cries. At length, the Count, rising impetuously; 'O most inhuman of men!' cried he, 'most execrable monster, is there a punishment at all adequate to thy crime? And you,' continued he, assisting me to rise, 'the unfortunate victim of a relentless tyrant's rage, come; you are free. At these words, my first impulse was to spring toward the door, but instantly checking myself, 'Ah,' said I, to the Count, 'you are my deliverer; to you I owe my life, my liberty—but the blessings you restore—can I still regard them as such? Alas! I dare not ask—my father—my mother?' 'They are alive.' 'O Heavens! and my daughter?' 'She is at Rome: she will soon be in your arms.' 'O God,' I cried, prostrating myself, 'what gratitude can ever acquit the debt I owe thee. This moment only rewards me for all my sufferings. O my generous benefactor!' I continued, addressing myself to the Count, 'now, for your recompense, learn that I am innocent. But before I relate the particulars of my melancholy history, allow me to ask you one question! Doubtless the Duke is ill?' 'He is attacked by a mortal distemper: he cannot survive three days. Come, leave this horrible dungeon. Let the barbarian, before he expires, know that you are at liberty.' 'No,' interrupted I, 'my parents only must deliver me from this prison.' I then entreated the Count to send an ex-

press that instant to my father. He promised me that he would; and giving me a piece of paper and pencil, I immediately wrote the following note.

'O my father! my mother! I am still alive: I am innocent. Come, and by your presence restore me really to life. Deliver me from a dreadful dungeon, and make me forget all the miseries I have endured.'

This note was scarcely legible: I was nearly a quarter of an hour in writing it; for I no longer knew how to form a letter, and spelling I had totally forgotten. The Count, perceiving that I was absolutely determined to remain in the prison till the arrival of my mother, gave me the keys of all the doors, and left me with inexpressible regret, after having promised to dissemble with the Duke, if he were yet living, and to see me again the next evening. When I found myself once more alone, I felt a terror almost as strong as that which I had formerly experienced at the beginning of my captivity. And yet I was no longer in the dark; for the Count had left me a lamp and a dark lantern. I had also asked him for a watch, that I might count the hours; for I did not imagine it would be possible for me to sleep one moment. Immoveable upon the spot where the Count had left me, I could scarcely draw breath. I durst not lift my eyes, and yet I could not forbear, by stealth, to cast a look around me. The light, so far from cheering me, added to my terror, by giving me a full view of my gloomy and mournful habitation. At last, unable any longer to support this situation, I rose; I I took the light; I opened the first door, and entered a kind of long gallery where the turning-box was placed. I already felt great relief, in finding myself in a situation which brought me to the last door of

my prison. I hurried on to the end of the gallery, and opened the door by which it was terminated. I then found myself at the foot of the stair-case of my dungeon, and being no longer inclosed but by the double door which opened into the garden, I shut that of the gallery, as if to separate myself from my frightful cavern. Then ascending the stair-case precipitately, I sat down upon the last step, and at length began to breathe. One would imagine, that after an event so happy, so unexpected, I should have felt a joy most exquisitely pure. But I had suffered so long, I had been so wretched, that my heart could not at once be susceptible of those fascinating pleasures which the sweetest hopes would naturally afford. I thought, indeed, with transport, that the dear objects of my affection were still in being. But when I reflected on the inexpressible happiness I should enjoy in finding myself once more in the arms of my mother, and embracing my father and my child, I could not flatter myself that such felicity was ever to be my lot. A thousand dismal apprehensions sprung up to distress and darken my imagination; and in this state of melancholy and dejection, the most chimerical fears appeared to me so many presages of real woe. This interesting period of my life, the day when the Count of Belmire entered my prison, was the 3d of June 17**: he left me at midnight, and till six in the morning I remained in the situation I have just described, when all at once I thought I heard some gentle sounds. I listened with the greatest attention at the door of my prison, and notwithstanding it's thickness, and that of the rock which covered it, I could very distinctly hear the warbling of the birds, which were waked by the appearance of day.

The emotion of joy, which I experienced at this instant, is neither to be described nor conceived. All my melancholy vanished; and my heart was again open to hope and felicity. The sweetest tears flowed from my eyes, altho' my ideas were still extremely confused, and I was incapable of reflecting on the unexpected change in my situation; for my attention was engrossed by the desire of hearing what was passing in the garden. With my ear close to the door, and holding my breath, I listened with an attention from which no other thought could divert me. I heard dogs barking, men walking about, and even talking indistinctly; and all these different sounds were productive of inexpressible pleasure. However, towards the close of the day, I earnestly longed for night, that I might again see the Count of Belmire, and that I might question him on a thousand circumstances of which I was impatient to be informed, and which successively occurred to my imagination, in proportion as my ideas assumed a more regular form. For instance, I wished to know how long I had been confined in my prison. Before the Count appeared there, I imagined that I was nearly fifty years old. His youthful aspect convinced me, that grief and wearisome days are bad calculators of time; but still I could not divine my age within four or five years. The Count returned exactly at midnight. I could easily perceive by his pale countenance, how deeply he was affected by sorrow and compassion for the event which had produced such a happy revolution for me. Respecting my situation, which obliged me to receive him alone at such an hour; respecting the fatal tie now ready to be broken, but which still connected me; he neither mentioned the sentiments,

which in happier times I had not hesitated to avow, nor those which he still retained for me. After having informed me, that he had inclosed my note in a letter to my father, and that the Duke was at the last extremity, I begged him to acquaint me with the motives which had determined the latter to entrust him with such an important secret. He accordingly proceeded to gratify my curiosity in the following words. 'I had been a year on my travels when I received the news of your death. I learned, at the same time, that the Duke was inconsolable for his loss. This circumstance greatly diminished my natural antipathy to him. I travelled two years more, and then, being recalled by some affairs, I returned to Italy. Obliged to see the Duke, it was necessary to repair to this castle; for he very seldom absented himself from it, and that only to spend two or three days at Naples. Here I saw the monument erected to your memory. I beheld your picture placed in almost every apartment. I attached myself to this mansion, and even to the inhuman monster who had thus made you the victim of his fury. He discovered such violence of grief, such a deep melancholy, that soon preferring his society to every other, I came every year to spend five or six months in this castle. About a year ago the Duke was seized with an incurable distemper; but yet, not in the least apprehending it to be so, he still continued to make some excursions to Naples. Last winter he entirely left off going to court, and wrote to me at Rome, to desire that I would come and see him. I arrived here about the end of January, and found him rapidly declining, yet he was not confined to his bed, but still continued to walk about. I even thought I could perceive,

at times, that he was not entirely in his senses. A prey to remorse, life, for nine years past, has been an insupportable burden to him, and yet he could not perceive the end of it approach without horror. At length, declining every day, he was suddenly seized with convulsions which obliged him to keep his bed. He remained in this condition three days, at the end of which one of his valets came at nine o'clock in the evening, to say that he wanted to speak with me. The man added, that the Duke, that night and the preceding one, had sent his servants out of the way, in order to endeavour to rise without assistance; but that being too weak to stand, he had rung for them, and they had found him out of his bed, half dressed. I went that instant into his chamber. He dismissed his physician and attendants, and informing me that he was going to entrust me with an important secret, made me swear to keep it inviolably. Then looking at me with an air of wildness, 'Family reasons,' said he, 'oblige me to confine in this castle a woman whose crimes have merited death. She must want sustenance: go, and carry her some. Knock at the turning-box, which serves for that purpose. If she do not answer you, enter her prison, and give her what is necessary. But I must previously inform you, that this woman is not in her senses. Pay no regard to what she says; but when you have given her some sustenance return immediately. I promise to acquaint you one day with her name and history.' The Duke then disclosed to me the secrets of his caverns, and taking from under his pillow a parcel of keys, he put them into my hands, desiring me to execute this commission without delay. The barbarian, supposing that I had never seen you, thought that he could

not confide in a more proper person, and thus committed into my hands both your destiny and mine.'
When the Count had finished this recital, he entreated me to make him acquainted with my history. But as I could not relate it without speaking of the sentiments which I had once entertained for him, I declared that I could not comply with his request but in the presence of my father and mother. From the calculation of the Count, I expected my father to arrive in less than two days at furthest. Less agitated now, and more capable of reflection I enjoyed, for twenty-four hours, all the happiness which so dear an expectation could inspire. My impatience then increasing, as the hour of my deliverance approached, it presently knew no bounds, and became an insupportable torment. I never felt any thing which I can compare to the violent emotions which I experienced, on the night preceding the happiest day of my life. My eyes intently fixed on the watch, I mournfully considered, at my leisure, the slow progress of it's index. Every moment I thought I heard a noise; I started; I felt my blood boil in my veins, and my poor heart palpitate with violence. These agitations grew stronger, when the singing of the birds announced the dawn of day, that happy day in which I was going to be born again, and resume the name, with all the dear and sacred claims, of daughter and of mother. That moment formed to compensate for an age of sufferings, that moment so impatiently longed for; it approaches, it comes at last! Reiterated cries and tumultuous voices are heard. I soon distinguished a confused noise of carriages, horses, and armed men. The clamour increases, it approaches, I tremble. 'Oh Heavens!

what voice strikes my ears, and penetrates my very soul? Oh! my mother!' She calls for her daughter! My heart springs towards her! 'O God, who gavest me fortitude to support my misfortunes, let me not sink under this excess of joy! I faint, I am dying—must I expire at the feet of my mother?' At these words my door is opened: I rush out of my cavern. Notwithstanding the bright glare of day, which strikes and hurts my dazzled eyes, I see, I recollect my mother, my father. I give a violent scream; I fling myself into their arms; I faint away. Oh! who can describe the ecstasy of my soul when I recovered my senses? I found myself upon the bosom of the dearest of mothers; my face bedewed with her tears; my father upon his knees before me, pressing both my hands in his. I beheld again the day, the sun. I was soon to behold again my daughter. That instant realized all my dearest hopes, and satisfied the utmost wishes of my heart. I can give no account of my ideas in the first moments of this affecting scene. I felt too much to be able to think, or to express the violence of my joy, otherwise than by sobs and tears. At last my father, raising me in his arms, 'Come, my dear child,' said he, 'quit this dreadful abode, where guilt has been so long the oppressor of innocence, come.' At these words I rose up; I looked around me; and saw, with surprise, that we were surrounded by a troop of armed men, among whom I recollected many relations, and some old friends of my father's, who informed me, that having assembled them before he left Rome, he had conducted them to Naples; and that having thrown himself at the king's feet, and shewn him my note, he had not only obtained leave to go and take me away by force,

if force were necessary, but also some troops to assist him. 'When I arrived here,' continued my father, 'I was informed that your vile persecutor had just expired. This happy day then restores you to all you love, delivers you from an execrable tyrant, and secures your perfect liberty.' All the answer I could give my father was that of embracing him with tears. At the summit of felicity, and having nothing now to dread, I could not forbear pitying from my very soul the wretched Duke of C——. 'Alas!' thought I, 'if I had loved him, he might not have polluted his life by such guilty excesses; he might have lived and been happy.' This reflection, while it excited my compassion made it painful and melancholy, and for some moments embittered every joy. At last, we set out, and the next day, the delight of the daughter was encreased by that of the mother. I found again that child so passionately beloved; I folded her in my arms; I saw her shed tears; and I heard her call me her mother. I was in a kind of intoxication the two first days of my arrival at Rome, stunned with noise, astonished at every thing, and enjoying nothing truly but the happiness of seeing my daughter again, and of finding myself with my father and mother. Then, my heart being fully satisfied, I began to feel the value of all the blessings which were restored to me. I found enjoyments in the most common things of life equally agreeable and new, in every object I beheld a spectacle of wonder. The first time I walked out by moon light, I experienced an ineffable sensation of admiration and ecstasy, in beholding again the serene and beautiful splendour, of the skies bespangled with innumerable orbs. I could not walk in the country, or in a garden, without

stopping continually to examine minutely every object. I was never tired with contemplating the flowers, the fruits, the trees, the verdure of the fields, the closing evening, and the rising sun, that sublime, that enchanting spectacle. 'O God,' thought I, 'what wonders has thy goodness created! What treasures has it lavished on us!

> "Yet wandering oft, with brute unconcious gaze,
> man marks not thee!"

Surrounded by such a variety of blessings, he can even think himself unhappy.' In such reflections did my heart indulge with transport, in all that felicity of which it had been so long deprived. I felt also inexpressible pleasure in finding myself again in the palace in which I was born, and in which I had spent the happy years of infancy and youth. But I confess that I could not again behold, without pain, the Marchioness of Venuzi, that early friend, who was the first cause of all my misfortunes. The Count of Belmire soon followed me to Rome; and, in the presence of my father and mother, the Marchioness of Venuzi, and some of my relations, I gave him my history. I had scarcely finished, when throwing himself at my feet, he expressed, in the most passionate terms, the excess of his sensibility and gratitude. 'What!' cried he, 'you might, by naming me, have extricated yourself from that horrid destiny! it was I who plunged you in that abyss; and while you were weeping there, I beheld the day of which for me you were deprived! May I be permitted to flatter myself, that love may still recompense you for all the miseries it has caused you to endure. Could that heart so noble and susceptible, be otherwise than faithful? Have your misfortunes led you to discard

those sentiments, without which it is impossible for me to live?' At these words my father affectionately embraced the Count of Belmire, and gave me to understand, by this action, how much he approved his sentiments. But for my part, having lost even the idea of a passion which had once such an ascendancy over my heart, I could not conceive how any one could be devoted to it, and still less how it were possible that I could be the object of it. After some pauses I addressed the Count, and described to him so naturally the situation of my heart, that he instantly gave up every hope. He retired from Rome for some time; but the sentiment which made him fly soon recalled him; and consoled by the friendship which I expressed for him, he fixed his residence there entirely. In the mean time, far from losing my relish for the happiness I enjoyed, every day seemed to make me still more sensible of it's inestimable worth. How delightful were my first thoughts every time I awoke! I felt the most exquisite delight in looking round, in beholding my daughter's bed by the side of mine, and in finding myself again in my paternal dwelling. I could no longer comprehend how I had been able to support the privation of that felicity which I now enjoyed, or even of the pleasures and conveniencies, which habit began to make me think absolutely necessary to existence. These ideas inspired me with the most tender compassion for the unfortunate. I had lain for nine years upon a bed of straw; I had endured hunger, thirst, and cold. I owed at least to my misfortunes those sensations which brings us to resemble the Deity. I could never hear with inattention the complaints of wretched objects who implored my compassion. In

their fate I recollected mine; I considered them as my fellow-creatures; and I enjoyed the most heartfelt satisfaction in soothing and relieving them. To receive, to welcome them was not sufficient; I thought it my duty to go in search of them. Alas! who can have a better claim to be thus anticipated, than the suffering wretch, who often dares not ask for the slender assistance which would save his life? This desire of finding out the unfortunate, in order to convert their tears into rejoicing, was not a virtue in me; it was the most urgent appetite of my soul, and the sweetest of all my pleasures. But the more I became accustomed to the ease which was restored to me, the stronger was the impression which the remembrance of my captivity excited: and it soon became impossible for me either to mention my misfortunes, or to listen with tranquillity to such histories or conversations as had any tendency to recal them to my recollection. This weakness was the source of many others. I could not bear darkness nor absolute solitude, were it only for a moment. One night, I remember, my light went out. I awoke, and perceiving myself in utter darkness, I felt a terror which my reason could neither conquer nor diminish. I screamed out: my servants hastened to me, and found me pale, terrified, and almost senseless. These groundless terrors, this involuntary weakness, the melancholy consequences of my sufferings and captivity, were not my greatest distresses. I found myself absolutely incapable of superintending the education of my daughter. I was obliged to learn again to read, write, and cast accounts; but by a singularity remarkable enough, I had scarcely forgotten the least of what I had read in my youth; for not having had, for nine

years, any kind of occupation, I had sought for one in the past, by often recalling circumstantially whatever I had learned from books and conversation. Thus, all those things were imprinted in my memory, better, perhaps, than if I had never quitted the world. I was twenty-seven years of age when I left my prison, and my daughter was then ten. Solely engaged with her, living quite in retirement, constantly shut up in my apartment, and seeing no one but my father, my mother, and sometimes the Count of Belmire, I passed thus five years of my life. My daughter, at last, attained her fifteenth year, and being the greatest fortune in Italy, all the families of distinction at Rome made proposals to me. For a long time I had secretly made my choice. I consulted my daughter: she confessed that her sentiments coincided with mine; my father and mother entered into my views; and I no longer delayed their accomplishment. The Count of Belmire, still young, of a captivating figure, equally virtuous and amiable, and master of a noble fortune, had constantly refused the most advantageous and splendid alliances. It was to that too faithful lover, to that dear friend, in a word, to my deliverer, that I offered my daughter. 'I give her to you,' said I, 'she is your's. She loves you; she is fifteen, which was my age when I first beheld you. Her person and sentiments will recal to you whatever I then was. Providence restores to you now what it deprived you of formerly; and as I was not born to contribute to your felicity, I can derive no other consolation on that account, than in seeing you happy with my daughter.' At these words, the Count of Belmire seized one of my hands, bedewed it with his tears, and, when I urged him to

answer me, 'Ah!' said he, 'have you not a right to dispose of my destiny?' The very evening that this conversation passed, the marriage articles were signed and eight days after the Count was married to my daughter. I remained at Rome another year, and then seeing my daughter settled, and perfectly happy, I turned all my thoughts to that retirement and solitude, to which, when I was in my prison, I had vowed to devote myself. Besides, the air of Rome being very detrimental to my health, the physicians had ordered me to repair to Nice. I undertook this journey by La Corniche; and was so delighted with the situation of Alberga, that I determined to fix my residence in this charming place. I built here a neat and convenient house, in which I took up my abode on my return from Nice. Here, for four years past, I have perfectly recovered my health, and my life glides away in the sweetest repose. Here I have written this history, which I intend for my granddaughters, when they shall be of proper age to derive benefit from it. In quitting the world I have not renounced the objects which are dear to me. Since my residence here I have made two journeys to Rome, to see my father and mother; and every year my daughter and son-in-law come to spend three months in my retreat. In a word, it is impossible to be more completely happy than I am. I praise God every day for the blessings I enjoy, and even for the miseries I have endured, since they have expiated my faults, purified my heart, and taught me the inestimable worth of the felicity which is restored to me.

How unfortunate has been this amiable, this virtuous, this affecting woman! How severe her sufferings! Ah, may we guard our hearts against the fatal impressions of love! May a passion never be known which can produce such misery and guilt! And let us not fail to deduce from the narrative of the Dutchess of C—— two important truths: the first, that an indulgence of the passions may plunge us into the deepest abyss of human woe; and the second, that there is no calamity which religion cannot enable us to support.

" Adelade and Theodore."

G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

MORAL TALES.

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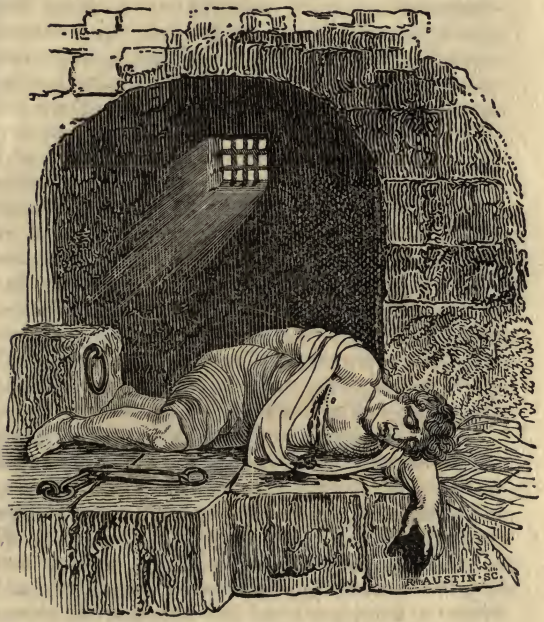
EUGENIO;
MR. V——; BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.



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EUGENIO.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

As Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but those of a man of honour, he avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are incompatible with that character: religion he supposed to be a contrivance of priests and politicians, to keep the vulgar in awe; and used by those in the rank of gentlemen who pretend to acknowledge it's obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of spirit. By a conduct regulated on these principles he gradually reduced a paternal estate of two thousand pounds per annum to five hundred. Besides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter: his wife died while they were infants. His younger brother, who had acquired a very considerable fortune in trade, retired unmarried into the country: he knew that the paternal estate was greatly reduced: and, therefore, took the expense of his nephew's education on himself: after some years had been spent at Westminster school, he sent him to the university, and supported him by a very genteel annuity.

Eugenio, tho' his temper was remarkably warm and sprightly, had yet a high relish for literature, and insensibly acquired a strong attachment to a college life. His apartment adjoined to mine; and our acquaintance was soon improved into friendship. I found in him great ardour of benevolence, and a sense of generosity and honour which I had conceived to consist only in romance. With respect to Christianity, indeed, he was as yet a sceptic: but I found it easy to obviate general objections; and as he had great pen-

etration and sagacity, was superior to prejudice, and habituated to no vice which he wished to countenance by infidelity, he began to believe as soon as he began to enquire: the evidence for revelation at length appeared incontestible; and, without busying himself with the cavils of subtilty against particular doctrines, he determined to adhere inviolably to the precepts as a rule of life, and to trust in the promises as the foundation of hope. The same ardour and firmness, the same generosity and honour, were now exercised with more exalted views, and on a more perfect plan. He considered me as his preceptor, and I considered him as my example: our friendship encreased every day; and I believe he had conceived a design to follow me into orders. But when he had continued at college about two years, he received a command from his father to come immediately to town: for that his earnest desire to place him in the army was now accomplished, and he had procured him a captain's commission. By the same post he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was strongly urged to continue at college, with promises of succeeding to his whole estate; his father's project was zealously condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence resented. Eugenio, tho' it was greatly his desire to continue at college, and his interest to oblige his uncle, yet obeyed his father without the least hesitation. When he came to town, he discovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father on this subject: his uncle, not being able to produce any effect upon the father, as a last effort had written to the son: and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been equally ineffectual, he reproach-

ed them with folly and ingratitude; and dying soon after by a fall from his horse, it appeared, that in the height of his resentment he had left his whole fortune to a distant relation in Ireland whom he had never seen. Under this misfortune Eugenio comforted himself by reflecting, that he incurred it by obedience to his father; and tho' it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expressed his displeasure either by invective or complaint.

Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agrestis, a gentleman whose character and principles were very different from his own. Agrestis had very just notions of right and wrong, by which he regulated his conduct, without any regard to the opinion of others: his integrity was universal and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open: he abhorred whatever had the appearance of disingenuity, he was extremely jealous of his authority, and there was a rough simplicity in his manner which many circumstances of his life had contributed to produce. His father left him a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds; but as the parsimony which enabled him to amass it, extended to the education of his son, by whom it was to be possessed, he had been taught neither politeness nor literature. He married Amelia, a lady whose influence would, by degrees, have polished the rough diamond: but she died within the first year of her marriage, leaving him a daughter to whom he gave her name, and transferred all his affection: he, therefore, continued to live in great privacy; and being used to have only servants and dependents about him, he indulged the peculiarities of his humour without that complaisance which becomes insensibly habitual to those, who mix in the com-

pany of persons whom it is their apparent interest to please, and whose presence is a perpetual restraint upon such irregular starts of temper as would incur contempt by arrogating a superiority which none would acknowledge. To this disposition his daughter accommodated herself as she grew up, from motives both of affection and duty: as he knew and regretted the defect of his own education, he spared no cost to complete her's: and she is, indeed, the most accomplished character I ever knew: her obedience is cheerful and implicit, her affection tender and without parade; her looks express the utmost sweetness and sensibility, and yet there is a dignity in her manner which commands respect. The intimacy between the father of Eugenio and Agrestis produced a tender friendship between his sister and Amelia, which began in their infancy, and increased with their years. Such characters as Amelia and Eugenio could not be long familiarly known to each other, without exciting mutual esteem: the transition from esteem to love, between persons of different sexes, is often imperceptible even to themselves; and, perhaps, was not discovered till long after it had happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the university, she was about eighteen: as her stature and her beauty were greatly increased during this interval, their first effect upon Eugenio was proportionably greater; and he perceived, from whatever cause, a more sensible emotion in her. He had too much discernment not to discover that she loved him; and too much generosity not to conceal his love of her, because he was so much her inferior in fortune: sometimes he reflected on her partiality with pleasure, and sometimes with regret. But while they were thus

mutually conscious to desires which they mutually suppressed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he distinguished himself equally by his courage and humanity; and tho' he had not much money, and therefore could but seldom display his bounty; yet his concern for the real interest of his men was so apparent, as well in such acts of kindness as were in his power, as in the strict discipline which he mantained among them, that his personal influence was very powerful and extensive. During this absence, tho' he felt his passion for Amelia increase, notwithstanding all his attempts to suppress it; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himself with mentioning her in general terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends, when he wrote to his father and his sister. When he returned, as his sister's intimacy with Amelia still continued, his opportunities to see her were equally frequent: but the pleasure of those interviews were become yet more tumultuous and confused; and the lovers were both conscious that their sentiments were every moment involuntarily discovered to each other. Amelia had dismissed many suitors, who were not less distinguished by their merit than their rank, because she still hoped to enrich Eugenio with her fortune; and Eugenio persisted in a conduct by which this hope was disappointed, because he would not degrade Amelia by an alliance with dependence and poverty. The objections of duty might, indeed, have been removed by obtaining the consent of Agrestis; but those of honour would still have remained; he was not, however, absolutely without hope; for tho' he had lost his uncle's fortune by obedience to his father, yet as he had great-

ly recommended himself to his commanding officer, who was of the highest rank, he believed it possible that he might be advanced to a post in the army, which would justify his pretensions to Amelia, and remove all his difficulties at once. Agrestis wondered at the conduct of his daughter, but neither asked nor suspected her motives; for he had always declared, that as he believed she would never marry against his consent, he would never urge her to marry against her own inclination. Amelia, therefore, continued to decline every offer, and Eugenio to see her almost every day, without the least intimation of his love, till the beginning of the last winter, when he lost his sister by the small-pox. His interviews with Amelia were now less frequent, and, therefore, more interesting; he feared, that as he would be seldom in her sight, the assiduities of some fortunate rival might at length exclude him from her remembrance: he did not, however, falter in his resolution, nor did Amelia change her conduct.

It happened that about this time she was addressed by Ventosus, the eldest son of a noble family; who, besides a large estate, had great expectations from his father's influence at court. Ventosus, tho' he was strongly recommended by Agrestis, and was remarkable for personal accomplishments, was yet received with great coldness by Amelia: he was surprised, mortified, and disappointed; yet he continued his visits and was very diligent to discover what had prevented his success. One evening, just as he was about to take his leave, after much ineffectual entreaty and complaint, Eugenio unexpectedly entered the room. Ventosus instantly remarked the embarrassment both of his mistress and the stranger, whom he

therefore supposed to be a rival, and no longer wondered at his own disappointment: these suspicions were every moment confirmed and increased; for his presence produced emotions which could neither be concealed nor mistaken; tho' by a less penetrating eye than that of jealousy they might have been overlooked. He was now fired with resentment and indignation; and having left the room somewhat abruptly, he was met upon the stairs by Agrestis, with whom he desired to speak a few words in private. Agrestis turned back into another apartment, and Ventosus told him, with some warmth, that he did not expect to have found his daughter pre-engaged; and that he could not help thinking himself ill treated. Agrestis, with equal warmth, required him to explain his meaning; and after some time had been spent in eager altercation, they parted in better temper; Agrestis persuaded that a clandestine love had been carried on between his daughter and Eugenio, and Ventosus convinced that Agrestis had never encouraged the pretensions of his rival. Agrestis immediately sent for Amelia, and sternly urged her with many questions, which she could only answer with blushes and tears: her silence and confusion convinced him that Ventosus was not mistaken; and, therefore desisting from enquiry, he severely reprehended her for the past, and enjoined her never to converse with Eugenio again; to whom he also signified his displeasure, and requested that to prevent farther uneasiness he would come no more to his house till Amelia should be married. Eugenio, tho' his love was almost hopeless before, was yet greatly afflicted by this message; because he feared that Amelia had fallen under her father's displeasure, and

that now he was become jealous of his authority, he might be tempted to abuse it. As to secure her peace was the principal object of his wish, he concealed what had happened from his father, lest a quarrel should be produced between him and Agrestis, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderness would be yet more deeply wounded. When a visit was intended to Agrestis, he always took care to have some engagement at another place: Agrestis, however, as he had no conception of the principles upon which Eugenio acted, did not doubt but that he had communicated the reason of his absence to his father, and that his father was secretly offended; but as he expressed no resentment, he believed that his ambition had for once restrained the petulance of his pride, that he dissembled to prevent an open rupture, and had still hopes of effecting the purpose which he had concerted with his son. A suspicion of ill-will always produces it; but besides this cause of alienation, Agrestis had unjustly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and aversion; he, therefore, treated him with coldness and reserve, supposing that he well knew the cause, and neglected to return his visits without thinking it necessary to assign any reason. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio, who considered it as the caprice of a character which he always despised; he, therefore, retorted the neglect without expostulation: and thus all intercourse between the families was at an end. Eugenio, in the mean time, was inflexible in his purpose; and Amelia, in her next interview with Ventosus, acquainted him that she would see him no more. Ventosus again appealed to her father: but the old gentleman was steady in his prin-

ciples, notwithstanding his resentment; and told him, that he had exerted all the authority which God and nature had given him in his favour; and that however provoked, he would never prostitute his child, by compelling her to marry a person who was not the object of her choice. Ventosus, who was extremely mortified by this disappointment, was very inquisitive about Eugenio, for whom he still supposed he had been rejected: he soon learned his situation and circumstances, and his long intimacy with Amelia: he reflected on the confusion which both had expressed in the accidental interview at which he was present; and was willing to believe, that his rival, however contemptible, had been too successful to be supplanted with honour by a husband: this, however, if he did not believe, he was very diligent to propagate; and to remove the disgrace of a refusal, hinted that for this reason he had abruptly discontinued his addresses, and congratulated himself on his escape.

It happened that about six weeks ago, Ventosus, as he was walking in the Mall, with a young officer of distinction, met Amelia in company of several ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit to bow to Amelia with a supercilious respect, which had greatly the air of an insult: of this compliment Amelia, tho' she looked him in the face, took no notice: by this calm disdain he was at once disappointed and confounded; he was stung by an effort of his own malignity, and his breast swelled with passion which he could not vent. In this agitation of mind he hastily turned back, and determined, for whatever reason, to follow her. After he had advanced about fifty paces, he saw Eugenio coming forward, who, the moment he perceived Amelia, turned into another walk. This

was observed by Ventosus, whose contempt and indignation had now another object, upon which they might, without violence to the laws of honour, be gratified; he communicated his purpose to his companion, and hastily followed Eugenio. When they had overtaken him they burst into a horse-laugh, and pushed so rudely by him, that he could scarce recover his step: they did not, however, go on; but stopping suddenly, turned about, as if to apologize for the accident, and affected great surprise at discovering to whom it had happened. Ventosus bowed very low, and with much contemptuous ceremony begged his pardon; telling him at the same time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company. To this insult Eugenio answered, 'That he was not willing to suppose that an affront was intended, and that if the lady he meant was a woman of honour, she ought always to be mentioned with respect.' Ventosus replied, 'That whether the lady he meant was a woman of honour, he would not determine; but he believed she had been very kind; and was pleased to see that her favours were not forgotten, tho' they were no longer accepted.' Eugenio was not now master of his temper, but turning suddenly upon Ventosus, struck him with such violence that he fell at his feet: he rose, however, in an instant, and laid his hand upon his sword, but was prevented from drawing it by his companion; and the croud beginning to gather about them, they parted with mutual expressions of contempt and rage.

In the morning the officer, who had been in company with Ventosus at the quarrel, delivered a challenge to Eugenio, which he answered by the following billet. 'Sir, Your behaviour last night has

convinced me that you are a scoundrel; and your letter this morning, that you are a fool. If I should accept your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a duty to God and to my country, which I deem it infamous to violate; and I am entrusted with a life which I think cannot without folly be staked against your's. I believe you have ruined, but cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this letter, secretly exult in your own safety; but remember, that to prevent assassination I have a sword, and to chastise insolence a cane.' With this letter, the captain returned to Ventosus, who read it with all the extravagancies of rage and disdain: the captain, however, endeavoured to sooth and encourage him; he represented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, whom he ought no otherwise to punish than by removing him from the rank into which he had intruded; and this, he said, would be very easily accomplished. Ventosus at length acquiesced in the sentiments of his friend; and it was soon industriously reported, that Eugenio had struck a person of high rank, and refused him the satisfaction of a gentleman, which he had condescended to ask. For not accepting a challenge, Eugenio could not be legally punished, because it was made his duty as a soldier by the articles of war;* but it drew upon him

* Such is the necessary imperfection of human laws, that many private injuries are perpetrated of which they take no cognizance: but if these were allowed to be punished by the individual against whom they are committed, every man would be judge and executioner in his own cause, and universal anarchy would immediately follow. The laws, therefore, by which this practice is prohibited, ought to be held more sacred than any other: and the violation of them is so far from being necessary to prevent an imputation of cowardice, that they are enforced, even among those in whom cowardice is punished with death, by the following clause in the nineteenth Aricle of War. "Nor shall any of-

the contempt of his superior officers, and made them very solicitous to find some pretence to dismiss him. The friends of Ventosus immediately intimated, that the act of violence to which Eugenio had been provoked, was committed within the verge of the court, and was, therefore, a sufficient cause to break him; as for that offence he was liable to be punished with the loss of his hand, by a law, which, tho' disused, was still in force. This expedient was eagerly adopted, and Eugenio was accordingly deprived of his commission. He had concealed his quarrel with Ventosus from his father, who was then at the family-seat, about twenty miles from London, because he was not willing to acquaint him with the cause: but the effect was such as could not be hidden; and it was now become necessary that he should anticipate the report of others. He therefore, set out immediately for the country; but his father about the same time arrived in London: some imperfect account had been sent him of the proceedings against Eugenio; and tho' he concluded from his silence that he had been guilty of some indiscretion, yet he did not suspect an imputation of cowardice; and hoped by his interest to support him against private resentment. When he found that he had missed Eugenio in some of the avenues to town, he went immediately to the

ficer or soldier upbraid another for refusing a challenge: since according to these our orders they do but the duty of soldiers, who ought to subject themselves to discipline: and we do acquit and discharge all men who have quarrels offered, or challenges sent to them, of all disgrace or opinion of disadvantage in their obedience hereunto; and whoever shall upbraid them, or offend in this case, shall be punished as a challenger."

It is to be presumed, that of this clause no gentleman in the army is ignorant; and those, who by the arrogance of their folly labour to render it ineffectual, should, as enemies to their country, be driven out of it with detestation and contempt.

gentleman who had procured his commission, from whom he learned all the circumstances of the affair. The moment he heard that his son had refused a challenge, he was seized with rage so violent, that it had the appearance of distraction: he uttered innumerable oaths and execrations in a voice that was scarcely human, declared his son to be unworthy of his name, and solemnly renounced him for ever. Eugenio returned to London the same day, but it was late before he arrived. The servant that opened the door told him, with tears in his eyes, that his father was gone to bed much disordered, and had commanded that he should no more be admitted into that house. He stood motionless a few moments; and then departing without reply, came directly to me; his looks were wild, his countenance pale, and his eyes swimming in tears: the moment he saw me, he threw himself into a chair; and putting a copy of his answer to Ventosus's challenge into my hand, anticipated my enquiries by relating all that had happened.

After having administered such consolation as I could, I prevailed on him with much difficulty to go to bed. I sat up the rest of the night, devising various arguments to convince Orgilio, that his son had added new dignity to his character. In the morning I went to his house; and, after much solicitation was admitted to his chamber. I found him in bed, where he had lain awake all the night; and it was easy to see that his mind was in great agitation. I hoped that this tumult was produced by the struggles of paternal tenderness: but the moment I mentioned his son, he fell into an agony of rage that rendered him speechless; and I came away, convinced that the eloquence of an angel on the same

subject would have been without effect. I did not, however, relate these discouraging circumstances to Eugenio: I told him that it would be proper to wait a few days before any farther application was made; not only because his father's resentment would probably subside, but because he was now indisposed.

Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burst into tears. He went every evening, and knocking softly at the servant's window, enquired how he did; and when he found that his fever was became dangerous, he intreated me to go yet once more and intercede for him, that he might at least be permitted to see his father, if he might not hope to be forgiven. I went; but when Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a fresh transport of rage, which ended in a delirium. The effect which this incident produced on Eugenio, who waited at the end of the street for my return, cannot be described: I prevailed on him to go back to my house, where he sometimes hastily traversed the room, and sometimes sat fixed in a kind of stupid insensibility upon the floor. While he was in one of these fits, news was brought that his father was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill disinherited him, declaring that by the infamy of his conduct he had broken his heart. Eugenio heard this account without any apparent surprise or emotion, but could not be persuaded to change his posture or receive any food; till his spirits being quite exhausted, sleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himself in a horse-man's coat that belonged to my servant, and followed the procession at a distance on foot. When the ceremony was over, and

the company departed, he threw himself upon the grave; and, hiding his face in the dust, wept over it in silence that was interrupted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude on the solemnity of his sorrow, till the morning dawned: he was surprised, and I thought somewhat confounded to see me; he suffered me, however, to lead him away, but neither of us uttered a word. He told me the next day, that he would trouble me a few nights longer for a lodging, and in the mean time think of some means by which he might obtain a subsistence: he was, indeed, totally destitute, without money and without a profession; but he made no complaint, and obstinately refused all pecuniary assistance. In less than a week afterwards, having converted his watch, his sword, a snuff-box, and ring, into money, he engaged as a common sailor in a private undertaking to discover the north-west passage to India. When he communicated this desperate enterprize, he appeared perfectly composed. 'My dear friend,' said he, 'it has been always my point of honour to obey the commands of GOD, the prime author of my being and the ultimate object of my hope, at whatever risque; and I do not repent that I have steadily adhered to this principle at the expense of all that is valuable upon earth: I have suffered the loss of fortune, of love, and of fame; but I have preserved my integrity, and I know that I shall not lose my reward. To these I would, indeed, add the esteem, tho' not the love of Amelia. She will hear of me as degraded and disinherited; a coward, a vagabond, and a fugitive; and her esteem, I think, I have sufficient reason to give up: grief will wound her deeper than con-

tempt; it is, therefore, best that she should despise me. Some of those, by whom she is addressed, deserve her; and I ought not to withhold a felicity which I cannot enjoy. I shall embark to-morrow; and your friendly embrace is all the good that I expect to receive from this country, when I depart in search of others which are unknown.' To this address I was not in a condition to reply; and perceiving that I was overwhelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, lest his purpose should be shaken, and my weakness should prove contagious. On the morrow I attended him to the ship. He talked to me of indifferent things; and when we parted, wrung my hand, and turned from me abruptly without speaking. I hasted into the boat which waited to bring me on shore, and would not again feel the pangs of yesterday for all the kingdoms of the world.

Such is the friend I have lost! such is the man whom the world has disgraced for refusing a challenge! but none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes wish that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is surely to be a monster rather than a man. It may, perhaps, be questioned, whether I ought thus to have exhibited his story under feigned names; or have a right to attempt that which he forebore. My love to him is, indeed, my motive: but I think my conduct is just, when I consider, that tho' it is possible that Amelia may, by the perusal of this paper, suffer the most tender, and, therefore, the most exquisite distress, by the re-establishment of her esteem for him who most deserves it; yet the world may derive new virtue, from the dignity which the character of Eugenio reflects on his conduct: his example is truly illustrious;

and, as it can scarcely fail to excite emulation, it ought not to be concealed. *Benevolus.*

THE SEQUEL, BY AGRESTIS.

There are some particulars in my character, which, perhaps, Benevolus has mistaken; but I love plain dealing; and as he did not intend to flatter me, I forgive him: perhaps my heart is as warm as another's, and I am no stranger to any principles that would lead a man to a handsome thing. But to the point. I approve of the story of Eugenio being published; and I am determined the world shall not lose the sequel of it. You must know, that I had observed my girl to go moping about of late more than common; tho' in truth she has been somewhat grave ever since she dismissed Ventosus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and so watching her pretty closely, I catched her last Saturday was se'nnight almost drowned in tears with papers * in her hand. I laid hold of them in an instant, and, putting on my spectacles, began to read with a shrewd suspicion that I should find out a secret. Her passion of crying still increased; and when I looked here and there in the papers, I was convinced that she was by some means deeply interested in the story, which, indeed appeared to me to be full of misfortune. In short, I pressed her so home on the subject that she told me who were meant by the names, so I began to read with great eagerness; tho' to confess a truth, I could scarcely see the three last pages. Odds my-life, thinks I, what an honest fellow this Eugenio is! and, leering up at my girl, I thought I never saw her look so like

* No. 64, 65, and 66, of the "Adventurer," containing the foregoing part of this relation.

her mother before. I took her about the neck and kissed her; but I did not tell her what I had in my head: however, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and instantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I enquired the ship's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when she sailed. The doctor, whether he guessed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his skin; and told me, with a kind of wild eagerness, that the vessel having met with an accident in going out was put back, and then lay in the river near Gravesend. With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. 'Emmy,' says I, 'the captain was always in my opinion a worthy man; and when I had reason to believe you liked him, I did not resolve to part you because he was without a title or an estate, but because I could not be reconciled to his profession, I was decourages trade and navigation, before him. Besides, termined you should never marry a cockade, and carry a knapsack; and if he had been a general officer, I would have preferred an honest citizen, who en- I was angry that you should hold a private correspondence, and think to carry your point without me: but you were greatly misrepresented; so was the captain. He has gallantly removed all my objections at once; he is not now in the army, nor has he ever attempted to subvert my authority; he is a true heart, and I feel that I love him as my son. He is still within reach, and you shall this moment write to him with your own hand, and tell him, that I say he shall be your husband. I have money enough, for you both; and if I please, I can make him a lord.' The poor child sat with her handkerchief up to her eyes

while I was speaking, and I did not immediately perceive, that, on hearing the captain was not gone, she had fainted. We could scarce keep life in her for above two hours; but at last she a little recovered her spirits, and brought me the following billet.

To Eugenio.

'Sir, 'My dear papa commands me to intreat, that you would immediately come on shore, and from this hour consider his house as your own. He is greatly affected with the story of your generosity and distress, which he has just learnt by an accident which I cannot now communicate; and he is determined to make you his heir, without prejudice to,

sir, your humble servant,

AMELIA.'

When I had perused this epistle, 'Pshaw!' says I, 'put affectionate at the end of it, or else he won't come now.' This made her smile. I was glad to see her look cheerful; and having with some difficulty procured the proper addition, I dispatched the letter instantly by my own servant on horseback, and ordered a light chariot and four to follow him, and take up Eugenio's friend, the doctor, by the way. I will not say how Eugenio, as he is called, behaved on the receipt of this letter; it is enough, that in about eight hours he arrived with his friend at my house: neither will I tell you how the lovers behaved when they met; it is enough that they are to be married next Thursday.

Adventurer.

ANECDOTE OF AN OFFICER

who refused to fight a duel.

In the reign of Queen Anne, a young fellow in the county of Berks, being disgusted with a woman whom his father had chosen for him as a wife, inlisted. As his education and manner of behavour was superior to that of his fellow-soldiers, he was soon distinguished by his officers and rapidly promoted from the rank of a corporal to that of an ensigncy. The regiment was ordered into Flanders, and in the famous battle of Ramillies, our young ensign had the honour of saving his colours from the resolute attack of four French soldiers. In reward of this gallant defence, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and from thence he succeeded to that of a captain; in this station he continued many years, with equal honour to himself and his country, till having received a challenge from a brother officer, on a supposed trifling offence, he had the virtue to refuse it; which coming to the knowledge of his sovereign George II, his majesty promoted him to the rank of a colonel; saying, that a man of approved valour would be inexcusable in risking his life to comply with an arbitrary and inhuman custom.

MR. V——.

Few persons, at the age of eighteen, have been more admired than Mr. V——. His manners were gentle and engaging—his disposition open and liberal—he had never been known to turn his back on distress—but had very frequently sought for it in those retreats where it is too often suffered to languish—he possessed an understanding uncommonly lively and penetrating—he had written several fugitive pieces—they had introduced his fame to circles, where he was not personally known. With these amiable qualities he had one vice which obscured them all—he was immoderately addicted to gaming. He had involved himself in difficulties, when his father died and left him an estate of five thousand pounds sterling per annum. As he tenderly loved his father, his loss for a while recalled his senses—a short time indeed—in six months he pursued his wonted course with as much avidity as ever—the passion grew each day stronger—he was hastening quick to ruin, when he became acquainted with my sister. She was one of the most charming of women—they conceived a mutual passion for each other—and my sister relying on her charms and Mr. V——'s good sense, did not doubt of reclaiming him. They were married—and the first fruits of their union was, a most solemn promise from Mr. V—— of quitting for ever, this cursed vice. Strictly did he adhere to his resolution for more than three years—he found his reward in the most pure domestic joys—in the approbation, the praises, of surrounding friends. What infatuation could lead him from this scene of bliss, to one of the most dreadful horror!

About that time it became the fashion, among the nobility, to keep running horses—a young nobleman, who was neighbour to Mr. V— had two or three of them. Mr. V— went frequently to see them run, and became excessively fond of the sport—it kindled the spark, which, not extinguished, had lain dormant in his breast—and his young companion heedlessly blew it into a flame.—The rage of gaming now returned on him with redoubled force—in a few years he could scarcely procure the comforts of life for his family—it then consisted of three beautiful children, over whom the mother, when her husband was absent, wept in silent anguish. Driven to the last distress—his faculties impaired—his sense of honour destroyed—he took the shameful resolution of retrieving his fortune by robbing on the road—he sallied out one evening, and returned with a large sum. With this he hastened to a match which had made a great noise in the country—but what were his feelings when he met the very person he had robbed! the gentleman instantly recognized him—yet would gladly have concealed the transaction, had not Mr. V—'s agitation betrayed him—he threw himself at the person's feet, acknowledged the crime, and was hurried to prison. Hitherto his lady had borne her sufferings in silence—she had endeavoured to recall him by tenderness and caresses—one reproach had not passed her lips—she had even through all retained some fortitude, and would have been content to live in poverty and want, could her dear husband have been happy—but this was a cruel stroke—she wept not for his misfortune—she wept for the loss of his honour.—Yet he was still dear to her. I went with her to visit him in prison. There are situations of which it is impossi-

ple to give an adequate idea—language cannot convey it—this was one of them. When the door of the cell opened, a scene presented itself which can never leave my imagination. Mr. V— stretched on the floor, and almost covered with his blood. Shocked as I was, I turned hastily round to my sister—I expected to have seen her upon the floor—she stood with her eyes fixed on the corpse—not a sign of life about her, except in her eyes—they were a picture of the most perfect horror. Her senses were fled, alas! for ever!

"Life of Lieut. Henry Foley."

THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY FRANCIS ASHMORE, ESQ.

'My good friend,' said I, 'I have nothing to give you.' This was addressed to a poor old man in rags, who had approached the coach-door, with his red night-cap in his hand. His lips were silent; but his eyes and his attitude asked for charity. He had a dog with him; and the dumb wretch, as well as his master, kept his eyes fixed on me, and seemed to join in soliciting relief. 'I have nothing!' said I, a second time. It was a lie, and betrayed want of feeling. I blushed at having told it. But I consoled myself, in exclaiming, "How troublesome are these mendicants!' This, however, was not so. 'God preserve you!' said he, humbly, and retired.

'Holloo! ho! holloo! horses in a moment!' A berlin had just driven up. The postillions were all in motion. The beggar and his dog advanced; obtained no relief; and again retired without a murmur.

A man who has just acted improperly, would be sorry to see another person, in the same situation, behave better than himself. Had the travellers in the berlin bestowed any thing on the beggar, I believe it would have given me some pain. These people, thought I, are very rich; yet can their inhumanity be an excuse for mine? This idea set me at variance with myself. I looked after the poor man, as if I wished to call him back. He was resting himself upon a stone seat; and his dog sat before him; with his head upon his master's knees, who continued to stroke his faithful companion, without paying me the smallest attention. Upon the same seat was a soldier, whose dusty shoes bespoke him a traveller. He had laid his knapsack upon the seat, between himself and the beggar; and, upon his knapsack, his hat and sword. He was wiping his forehead with his hand, and seemed to be taking breath that he might proceed on his journey. His dog, for he too had a dog, was sitting beside him, regarding all who passed by with a haughtiness which finely contrasted the humility of the beggar's. He seemed conscious that he was a soldier's dog. This second animal caused me to be attentive to the first; which was an ugly little black cur, extremely bare of hair. I was astonished that the old man, reduced to such distress, should share with so ill favoured a companion his scanty and uncertain subsistence. But the mutual kindness of their looks soon put an end to my wonder. 'O

thou! the most amiable, the fondest, and most faithful of all animals!' said I to myself; 'thou art a companion, a friend, and a brother, to man! Thou alone continuest to love him not the less for his misfortunes; thou alone forsakest him not in his distress; and it is from thee only that the poor do not meet with disdain! Who then, abandoned, like this beggar, by his fellow-creatures, would not wish for such a friend?' At this instant, a window of the berlin was let down, and some remains of cold meat, on which the travellers had breakfasted, fell from the carriage. The two dogs sprung forward: the berlin drove away, and one of them was crushed beneath the wheel; it was the beggar's dog.

The animal gave a cry; it was his last. The poor old man hastened to his assistance, overwhelmed with the deepest distress; yet he did not weep. 'Honest man!' cried I. He looked sorrowfully up. I threw him a coun-piece. He suffered the crown to roll by him, as if unworthy his attention. He only thanked me by an affectionate inclination of his head, as he took his dog in his arms. 'My friend,' said the soldier, holding out his hand, with the money which he had picked up; 'the worthy gentleman gives you this. He is very happy; he is rich; but every body is not so; I have only a dog; you have lost your's; mine is at your service.' Saying this, he tied round his dog's neck, a small cord which he put into the old man's hand, and walked away.

'Kind and generous soldier, may Heaven reward thee!' cried the good and grateful beggar upon his knees, and extending his hands towards his benefactor. The soldier still went on, leaving the poor old

man in a transport of gratitude. But his blessings and mine will follow him wherever he goes. 'Good and gallant fellow!' said I, 'what am I compared with thee? I have only given this unfortunate man money, but thou hast bestowed on him a friend!'

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